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UKRAINIAN-CANADIAN FOLKLORE

TEXTS IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION



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Winnipeg

1960

Canada

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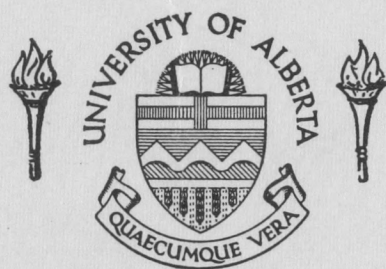
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UKRAINICA OCCIDENTALIA
ЗБІРНИК ЗАХОДОЗНАВСТВА
VII (5)

УКРАЇНСЬКА ВІЛЬНА АКАДЕМІЯ НАУК
ЗБІРНИК ЗАХОДОЗНАВСТВА
Т. VII (5)

МАТЕРІЯЛИ
ДО УКРАЇНСЬКО-КАНАДІЙСЬКОЇ
ФОЛКЛЬОРИСТИКИ Й ДІАЛЕКТОЛОГІЇ

3.

ТЕКСТИ В АНГЛІЙСЬКОМУ ПЕРЕКЛАДІ

За редакцією
Яр. Рудницького

Вінніпер

1960

Накладом УВАН

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Series: UKRAINICA OCCIDENTALIA
Vol. VII (5)

UKRAINIAN-CANADIAN FOLKLORE

TEXTS IN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Compiled and edited

by

J. B. Rudnyćkyj

Winnipeg

1960

Published by the Academy

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It gives me great pleasure to express my gratitude to the Humanities Research Council of Canada for its generous grant, and to the University of Manitoba for an additonal grant which enabled me to collect the folklore materials contained in this book and to present them here in their English version. Acknowledgements are likewise due to Prof. Honore Ewach, of St. Andrew's College in Winnipeg, for this translation, as well as to Prof. R. MacG. Dawson, of the University of Manitoba English Department, for his reading of the final draft of the manuscript.

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Winnipeg, November 1958.

J. B. R.

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INTRODUCTION

I

The Slavic ethnic groups in Canada do not only *retain* their cultural treasures, which were brought here from Europe; they also *adapt* them to the new environment and *create new cultural values*. This process of retention, adaptation and creation of new values is best manifested in oral folk literature, in folklore.*)

There are many reasons why this special branch of the Slavic spiritual culture fully blossomed out. It was the peculiar natural predisposition of the Slavic settlers, and particularly of Ukrainians, to self-expression that favoured this process, especially self-expression in the form of songs which tell of life's joys and worries, of wishes and hopes, and of failures and triumphs. "In beautiful songs," as F. Kolessa says "the Ukrainian people sing of mother's cares as she sits by her child lying in a cradle, of the youthful lovers, of the sufferings of a betrayed girl, of the bride's home-sickness, of the grief-stricken parents of the bride, who try to guess what is going to be the lot of their newly-wed daughter, of the sufferings of the unhappily married girl, of the wretched lot of a poor widow 'who', as the song says, 'has watered her field with her tears', of the orphan's tears by the side of her mother's grave — in fact, all the joys and miseries which people encounter from their babyhood to their last breath are mirrored in Ukrainian folk songs."

One of the best experts in Slavic matters in the Western hemisphere in the 19th century, founder and promoter of Slavic studies at Oxford, England, W. K. Morfill, made the

*)More details about this are to be found in the author's paper "The Problems of Ukrainian Canadian Folklore Study", delivered at the conference of the Shevchenko Scientific Society in Toronto, in September, 1955, and later on forwarded to be printed in *Symposium*, dedicated to the Memory of Z. Kuzelya, at Sarcelles, France.

the following interesting observation about Slavic folk poetry:

"We have every reason to believe that wandering minstrels abounded in Slavonic countries of old time: the race is even now not quite extinct, as Hilferding and other collectors of legendary poems have shown us. The savants who attended the Literary Congress of Kiev were able to listen to the strains of one of the last kobzars... About this universal propensity for music, we find some strange stories in early writers... one has been handed down to us by the Byzantine historian, Theophylactus Simocatta, concerning the Khan of Avars, who captured three Slavonians wandering about with lyres in their hands. When asked why they carried no swords, they told him that their countrymen knew nothing about war, but occupied themselves entirely with music and singing..." (The Westminster Review, Vol. 58, 1880, p. 53.)

Aside from the folk songs, the Slavs in general and the Ukrainians in particular also have been creating other forms of folklore, such as lamentations, folklore epics, incantations, maxims and proverbs, conundrums, stories, legends, etc. It is this very creative propensity that has favored the development of Slavic folklore in Canada.

Farmers constitute the oldest stratum of the Slavic communities in Canada. It is well known that the tillers of the soil are the most conservative layer of all societies, especially with regard to spiritual culture. It is otherwise in the field of material culture, where conservative traditions are bound to give way to new technological inventions which are designed to remove the drudgery of work and to raise the standard of daily life. But there is no such incentive in the field of spiritual culture, and without such incentive, spiritual self-expression follows the traditional forms in speech, folklore, religion, etc. It is necessary to say here that such Ukrainian cultural values as have retained their European form flourish best out in the country. This is exemplified in the report of a group of Ukrainian Canadian youths who paid a visit to the village of Poplarfield, in Manitoba, in the summer of 1955. "The members of the group have been telling us how nicely and

carefully the churches in the village are decorated with Ukrainian embroideries, of the church bells, of the community reading hall decorated in Ukrainian style and tradition, and of many Ukrainian herbs and plants growing around the local churches and houses. The very appearance of the local people (especially of the grown-up people), their clothes, their speech, their many questions and their reactions to the answer make you forget for a while that you are not in a real Ukrainian village..." (Cf. *Moloda Ukayina*, no. 26, Toronto, 1955).

Aside from the latent psychic predisposition of the Slavic farmers to express themselves through folklore, and besides culture, still other factors played an important part in the retention and extension of the oral folklore peculiar especially to the Ukrainian settlers in Canada, such as those in compact settlements in three central provinces — Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. Such settlements favoured the extension of folklores, songs, stories, etc.

The fact that most settlers were illiterate also favoured the development of folklore rather than of literature, especially during the first period of the pioneers' life.

But, in spite of all richness and variety of Slavic folklore in Canada, there has been with one exception no mention of it so far in scientific literature, that is, in the writings on folklore and dialectology. This exception is Mr. V. Plavyuk's "Proverbs or Ukrainian Folk Philosophy", published in 1947 in Edmonton, which contains a treasury of this kind of folklore. The book was warmly received by critics. Watson Kirkconnell wrote the following, one year after its publication:

"From the point of view of scholarship quite the the most interesting book of the year is Volodymyr S. Plavyuk's monumental collection of Ukrainian proverbs, dedicated to the Ukrainian pioneers in Canada. Here are recorded some six thousand proverbs, methodically arranged according to an alphabetical list of subjects, and supplied in each case with an explanatory paraphrase... If this treasure of Ukrainian popular wisdom could be

translated into a world-language such as English or French, it would arouse great enthusiasm among the folklorists on this continent. (New Canadian Letters, University of Toronto Quarterly, vol. 16, 1946-7, p. 297).

In spite of this evaluation of Mr. Plavyuk's book by Watson Kirkconnell, the publishers of books on Canadian folklore have consistently avoided mentioning Ukrainian folklore.***) Nor is there much about it in Ukrainian scientific literature. Only Paul Yuzyk mentions it in general in his book "Ukrainians in Manitoba" (published by University of Toronto Press, 1953), but, owing to the scope and character of the study, such treatment is natural.*** If we leave aside the various articles on folklore which we find in the Ukrainian newspapers, magazines, annuals, and almanacs, there is still no synthetic work along these lines in English.

Like any other work, the study of Ukrainian Canadian folklore must begin with the collection of folklore materials. Thanks to the aid given by the Humanities Research Council of Canada in Ottawa and the University of Manitoba, I was able to take a trip in 1953 all over Canada and collect on a tape recorder all kinds of folklore material from Ukrainian settlers and from settlers of some other Slavic groups. I visited then various places in Manitoba, in Saskatchewan, and, later, in Ontario, and came into contact with the oldest settlers, who, frequently, were the first pioneers of the place. I tape-recorded their stories, legends, songs, proverbs, etc. and later on copied them down in the exact form of the tape-recording. The texts were translated by H. Ewach in 1956. I have marked the origin of each text and the date and place. If there is no such information under the texts, it means that the next acknowledgement under some other item applies to it.

J. B. R.

**See, for instance, Canadian Folklore, The Journal of American Folklore, Vol. 31 (1918), N. 119—120.

***See author's "Studies in Onomastics", I. Slavic Name-lore in Canada," UVAN, Onomastica, No. 11, Winnipeg, 1956.

I
TRADITIONAL "OLD COUNTRY"
FOLKLORE
TRANSPLANTED TO CANADA

MALANKA

(Ukrainian New Year's Ceremony)

A young man, known as Malanka, is dressed up as a woman, having on a skirt, a wimple and a headkerchief; in general he is dressed up like a Ukrainian woman on her way to church.

Malanka's young men companions are also disguised, having on shaggy fur coats and scary masks, made of thick cloth or linden bark. They look wild and fierce, carrying long wooden willow sticks in their hands and scaring with them inquisitive youth and children.

While the clowns run here and there, entertaining the people, Malanka goes, in the company of young men, from house to house, stopping in front of each house and singing with her companions:

Yesterday our Malanka tended two drakes in the grazing-ground.

Before her drakes had their fill it was already dark;
Before she watered them her shoes were worn out.
Her apron got wet while she was washing her feet.
Blow, ye winds, blow, and dry her polka-dot apron.
Open your pine-wood door and let her in.
She is a good house-wife:

Her pots, put under a bench, are blooming with mildew
And her plates are covered up with greenish spots, too.

Then one of Malanka's companions says:

Our Malanka is such a grand dame,
Come out and take a look, if you don't believe us.

Sometimes the host refuses to let Malanka in.

she carries a pot filled up with ashes in solution. As some house-wives object to such clowning, Malanka is not always allowed to practise her "arts". At least, such was the procedure of the New Year amusement in the village of Chornokintsi, district Husyatyn, West Ukraine, where I was born and raised.

(Submitted by *Harry Romanec* of Winnipeg, Man., April, 1955)

OUR MELANIE

(*A New Year ditty*)

Our Melanie is a grand housewife —
Oh, how well she washes and cleans!
A lot of her saucepans in the kitchen
Are decorated with mildew...

(Submitted by *Thomas Ewach* of Garland, Man., in 1947)

NEW YEAR WISHES

May you have this new year
A good crop of rye and wheat!
May you have a big crop of hemp for your clothes
This new year.
May you have a better harvest than last year!

(The person who enters his neighbor's house on the New Year early in the morning scatters a few grains of wheat and rye on the floor and chants the above greetings.)

(Recorded from *Mary Yurkiv*, of Flatbush, Alta., February 5, 1955)

NEW YEAR DANCE SONG

Let us in to dance for you,
As it is too cold to dance here.

Let us in to dance for you,
As our feet are half-frozen.

Dance, dance, you flat-footed oaf!
The girl is just about to give you a penny.

Here I do dance for you,
Hoping the girl will pay me a gold coin.

Now, don't you fool me, give me the penny,
As I have worn out many boots in visiting you.

Now let me have my due reward,
Or else drive me out of here.

Scare me away with a poker,
Or with that bushy-haired girl.

(Recorded from Mrs. K. Hladun of Horodok, in the district
of Zalishchyky, by Mrs. T. Koshetz)

GOOD LUCK!

(Drinking wishes)

May God save us from foot-aches
When we visit each other!
May God save us from getting back-aches
When we start bowing to each other!
May God keep increasing our health
And this joy-giving juice,
Just as He does with the water.
May God help us not to be ashamed
To meet again.

(Recorded by Mrs. T. Koshetz, 1950)

A FOLK CHRISTMAS CAROL

Christ was born at Bethlehem,
He came to us on a visit from a heavenly country.
He is our Great Lord,
He is our Saviour dear.
Sent to us from Heaven. (*Repeat*)

The shepherd who tended their flocks in the field
Lay down to sleep all tired.
But one of them woke up,
For the shepherd Matthew was crying aloud
In the stack shelter. (*Repeat*)

Gabriel who was sleeping atop of the wagon-shed
Jumped down beside the ladder, all in fear,
And Harry began to jump up and down in pain,
Beside the crying Gabriel
Who had hurt his foot. (*Repeat*)

Even Steven and Lazarus woke up in their straw bed
When they heard all the noise nearby.
And Matthew turned to them
And began to tell them
What had just taken place. (*Repeat*)

"You may as well listen, brethren,
I have news for you: 'Christ is born.'
Beautifully the angels sang,
Praising His Name,
Of the New-Born. (*Repeat*)

Now, obey me, your elder brother,
We are going to the shed to greet Our Lord,
And, if you have any good things,
Take them with you,
As there is not much time." (*Repeat*)

When all the shepherds came together,
Standing all around,
They bowed low
And presented their gifts.

To Jesus Christ. (*Repeat*)

When the shepherds began to play their flutes
Gabriel insisted on dancing.

"Wait a minute, brother,
How are you going to dance

With a sore foot?" (*Repeat*)

Gabriel, in spite of his sore foot,
Put gently his hands to his sides,
And began to prance,
Setting a-tremble the shed

With his wild dance. (*Repeat*)

Joseph and Mary looked on
And thanked the shepherds for all their deeds.
Even Baby Jesus raised up his hands
And promised them his Kingdom

In the Hereafter. (*Repeat*)

(Recorded from *F. Rudachek* of Arabella, Sask., Dec. 29, 1954)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

At the time when a cuckoo-bird sang in a cherry
orchard
Three angels were heard singing in heaven.

Their singing was wonderful —
We never heard such a singing in heaven before.

Such singing we never heard before.
The song told of Christ's heavenly reign.

The angels warned the sinners that heaven
Would be closed to them, if they kept their riotous
ways.

So listen well to the Sunday sermons,
Listen well, lest you perish for your sins.

(Recorded from *D. Semenyshyn* by I. F. Palamarchuk at Silver,
Man., December 12, 1954)

A NEW JOY

A new joy has appeared in the world,
The Holy Virgin has borne a Son.
She swaddled Him up
And put Him to rest on the hay.

When the Jews heard the news
They began to search for Jesus.
When the Holy Virgin heard of the threat
She escaped with Christ to Egypt.

She was fleeing across an open field
And met there a farmer ploughing.
"May God help you to plough and sow, —
Tomorrow you shall harvest here your crop."

When the Jews heard of her flight
They ran after her.
They followed her footsteps
Until they met the farmer and his harvesters.

"May God help you to plough and sow;
Have you seen the Holy Mother going by?"

"May the executioner cut off your heads!
Why didn't you let us know who she was?
How could I know
That she was our Lord's Mother?"

(Submitted by *F. Rudachek* of Arabella, Sask., Dec. 27, 1954)

IS THE LANDLORD IN?

(*A Christmas Carol*)

Is the landlord in?
"He is not in," the servants say.
But we can see that he is in,
Sitting at the further end of the table,
With his sable coat on
And his royal cap, too.
His wallet is attached to his belt,
Bulky with golden coins.
Perhaps, some of them will come our way,
A coin or more each.

(Submitted by *Thomas Ewach* of Garland, Man., in 1947)

STRANGE IS OUR FAMILY

(*A Christmas Carol*)

Strangely acts our family
When it eats its Christmas Eve meal.
All are as happy as children,
Rejoicing at Christ's birth.

We sit here, greeting Christmas.
Rejoice, rejoice, Glorious Mother,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

May an angel pay us a visit
Together with the Infant Christ
And may they protect us
From all kinds of misfortunes.

And may we sing from year to year:
Rejoice, rejoice, Glorious Mother,
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

(Recorded by *Yurchak family* of Roblin, Man., May 20, 1955)

IN THE CITY OF JERUSALEM

(A Christmas Carol)

Oh, in the city of Jerusalem,
Early on the Jordan Day! —

(Repeat after each line)

The Jordan brims over with water.
In its waters the Virgin Mary bathed her Son.
Many a letter wrote our Lord's Mother,
In the form of dainty flowers,
And sent them all over the world,
Asking for a name for her Son.
“Why not Saint Peter?” somebody said.
The name found no favour with the Holy Mother
And from the altar she stepped away.
Again she wrote blossom-like letters
And again speeded them all over the world.
After reading her enquiries
For a name for her Son,
Some one suggested Saint Paul.
Again the Holy Mother did not like the name
And from the altar she stepped away.
Once more she wrote blossom-like letters
And speeded them away all over the world,
Asking for a name for her Son.
After reading the enquiries,
Some one suggested the name — Jesus Christ.
The Holy Mother liked the name
And carried forth to the altar her Baby Son,
Setting Him gently there.
O Christians, rejoice!
A Saviour we have now among us.
Rejoice ye, God's people, rejoice!
Let hatred be not among you!
Rejoice and be merry,
Bow down before your God!

(Recorded from *Mary Virsta*, of Bellis, Alta., December 29, 1955)

ANCIENT THEOPHANY CAROLS

Oh, the water of the Jordan!

The Jordan water is gently cold! —

(This refrain is to be repeated after each line.)

The Jordan water three saints were blessing.

They blessed it and let their cross sink in the water.

The Jews then asked the Holy Mary:

“O Virgin Mary, where is the cross?”

“I let it sink in the Danube deep,” said Mary.

The Jews dug deep and made the Danube run dry,

But they found no cross on its deep bed.

Again the Jews asked the Holy Mary:

“O Virgin Mary, where is the cross?”

“I let it drop down in the shady woods,” said Mary.

The Jews cut down the shady woods,

But no cross was there to be seen.

Again the Jews asked the Holy Mary:

“O Virgin Mary, where is the cross?”

“I let it drop down in the field of the spring wheat.”

Then the Jews cut down the wheat in the field,

But no cross was to be seen there.

Again the Jews came and asked the Holy Mary:

“O Virgin Mary, where is the cross?”

“Oh, I let it fly to the Heavens high.”

The rooster then sang and the Jews went dumb.

(Recorded from M. Lashta, of Yanow Corners, Sask., 1954)

Is the master at home?

Generous, good, and holy night to you! (*Refrain*)

He is not at home, but in the quarry.

(Refrain after each line).

He splits off the rock and builds up a church.

He is building up a church with three cupolas,

With three cupolas and four doors.

Three tombs are found in the church.
The first one contains our Lord God,
The second contains His only-born Son,
And the third tomb contains Holy Mary.
Bright candles shine above the first tomb,
Men chant from books above the second,
And roses bloom above Holy Mary's tomb.

(Recorded from *M. Lashta* of Yanow Corners, Sask., 1954)

A FOLK THEOPHANY CAROL

Is our host the landlord at home?
Sire, this is a Holy Night, a good night.

Our lord is not at home, he went to Lviv,
Our Lord is not at home, he went to Lviv;

He is buying lumber there to build himself a big hall,
This Holy Night, this good night, to build a big hall.

There are in the hall three yew-tree tables,
This Holy Night, this good night, three yew-tree tables.

The tables are covered with fine linen cloth,
This Holy Night, this good night, with fine linen cloth.

On the table cloths stand three goblets high,
This Holy Night, this good night, stand three goblets
high.

The first goblet brims with grape wine sweet,
This Holy Night, this good night, with grape wine
sweet.

The second goblet brims with a foamy beer,
This Holy Night, this good night, with a foamy beer.

The third goblet brims with sweet honey-mead,
This Holy Night, this good night, with sweet
honey-mead.

The first goblet is for our Lord God,
This Holy Night, this good night, for our Lord God.

The second goblet is for God's Only Son,
This Holy Night, this good night, for God's Only Son.

The third goblet is for Holy Mary,
This Holy Night, this good night, for Holy Mary.

(Recorded from *M. Lashla* of Yanow Corners, Sask., 1954)

CHRISTMAS WISHES

(After carolling)

I greet you at this Christmas holiday;
May you have much joy during holidays,
May you happily celebrate the New Year, too,
And may you have much merriment during Theophany,
May you live from Theophany to Easter,
After Easter may you live many long years,
May you live your God-given age!
Christ is born!

(Recorded from *F. Zabolotnyj* of McGregor, Man., May 17, 1953)

WISHES ON THE OCCASION OF A PUPPET SHOW AT CHRISTMAS

(A puppet show "Jew" speaks)

I express these wishes as a puppet "Jew":
May good luck always stay in your house,

May you have plenty of rye, wheat, and barley.
Ah, yes, I should add :

May you have plenty of oats, too, for your horse,
May your cows give plenty of milk,
May fortune abide in your place,
And may your little children grow in good health!

(Recorded from *C. Kryshталowych*, Sandy Lake, Man., May 18, 1953)

A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN AM I

(Humorous Christmas Wishes)

A handsome young man am I,
Though my shirt is all in tatters.
Kind Sir and gracious Lady, what kind of a holiday is
this?

Only one student was invited to Christmas supper,
But they almost scalded his eyes.
May God forgive them for the deed.
After these holidays I am going to get married.
Though I am going to buy whiskey on credit,
I shall send you my wedding invitations.
Though I am a church choir leader in Kiev,
I know how to get poppy seeds from people's gardens.
Once Harasym caught me red-handed
And shook me by my mop of hair.
Go to blazes, you crook,
Keep on taking grain in payment at the flour-mill!
Well, I came, as he told me,
And as I was standing and listening by the house,
He hit me a heavy blow on the ear.
Then I went to the church to pile up dumplings on
a shelf.

The overloaded shelf fell down on top of the calves.
The calves began to frisk and made the children squeal.

The old woman fell down from the warm stove plate,
And the old man hit his nose against the ceiling.
Their hired man cried out from the stable: "Don't
rush!"

When our forefathers were dying
They told us to do this —
To take along all the nice girls.
Whatever we cannot take along
We shall carry in bags.
Now, for our carol singing
Give us a Christmas gift:
A loaf of coiled bread, nuts, apples, if you have any,
As apples will rot if you keep them too long.
You, little Annie, keep on growing,
Keep on growing till you marry a handsome fellow.
Don't spill any dough when you bake bread...
Christ is born!

(Recorded from *Anna Wozny* of Terebowlya by Mrs. T. Koshetz
at Kirkland Lake, Ont., 1950)

ANTI-ALCOHOLIC THEOPHANY CAROL

May this be a generous night to you, good
Christians,
To you, city-dwellers and villagers,
A generous night, a generous night!
As tonight our Triune God has appeared.
Of John the Baptist He was christened
The son of God.
A generous night to you!
And now let us sing a Twelfth Night carol
And ask the good people
To leave alone the whiskey,
For a drunk man acts like a crazy man.
Whiskey makes fools of us,
It makes us wear shabby clothes,

It makes us go about hungry,
It keeps the jails well-populated,
It disinherits some farmers of their farms,
It enriches the inkeepers,
Turning them into rich landlords.
Come to you sense, Christians,
God's people,
For, unless you relinquish this bad habit,
You will surely perish.

(April 4, 1955, Flatbush, Alberta, *Mary Yurkiv.*)

O MOST HOLY GOD

O Most Holy God, Almighty and Immortal,
I think I may die of this pain in my head.
In the grips of pain are my head and my heart.
Oh, I wish my kith and kin would soon gather around
me.
In time my kith and kin stood around me,
But the God-sent Death sealed my lips ere I said
farewell.
Now they are making a cedar coffin, a cedar resting-
place,
And they want me to lie down in it, O God, O my God!
A gentle wind caresses my coffin on its way to the
church,
Plaintively chant the priests and the precentors,
And my relatives bewail my sad fate.
Before they lower me down into the grave, oh, how I
wish
To take one last look at this beautiful world of Gor.
Oh, how wonderful it was to be alive!
Take a share of my gold and silver, good people,
And say your prayers on my behalf, who died in his
youth.

(From *M. Koshman* of Vegreville, Alta., August 28, 1953)

MORNING SONG

As soon as I get up in the morning
And take a look around,
I praise Thee, God,
Thanking Thee for Thy loving kindness.

I thank Thee, God,
For letting me get up all well,
As many of those who lay down to sleep last
night
Failed to get up today.

Thou lettest me live yet
So that I could praise Thy name,
Do Thy will,
And thank Thee for Thy bounty.

Our Father, Almighty God,
All-Knowing, and Omnipresent,
Let us live this day
Without offending Thee.

From Heaven on high, O God,
Kindly look at my youth
And bless me with good health
And readiness to do my daily duty.

Bless our fields,
Bless us with bread and let us have fodder,
Bless us with warmth at the right time,
With dewy mornings and sunny days.

Heavenly Father, take a look at Thy children,
At Thy blossoming children,
And grant them enough of strength and will
For work and for study.

Grant them to grow strong
And ready to help us in work,
Help them to grow in loving each other,
And may they be grateful to Thee.

(This is an example of a school book poem becoming, through popularity, a folk poem.)

(Submitted by Anna Shewchuk of Port Arthur, Ont., May 5, 1955.
Date of poem 1889. Mrs. Shewchuk, née Kuchma, came from
Bychkivtsi, District Chortkiv.)

ABOUT HOLY FATHER NICHOLAS

I

In the city of Patari lived a man with his wife,
And in time a child was born to them.

The child acted rather strangely in some ways,
As he refused to be suckled by his mother on
Wednesday and Fridays.

Furthermore, the baby-boy never even touched the left
breast,
And at the christening he was already standing on his
own feet.

When the boy was barely three years old
He asked his father and mother to be sent to school.

His parents were amazed
But they let their son Nicholas go to school.

"Go, son, to school, under God's protection,
And study there the godly ways of life.

A child without schooling is like sheep running loose,
Like a fish out of water, like a bee without flowers:

A child without schooling is like a landless farmer,
Like a field lying untilled, like an empty barn."

So their son Nicholas went to school
And studied there the right ways of life.

Well-behaving people are our country's pride,
Good habits and manners lead to a peaceful life.

So Nicholas learned how to behave well,
Studying to be a minister.

II

In time Nicholas became God's servant, a priest,
And he intended to take a trip across the sea.

It was not just an idle wish,
But he wanted to learn more about the world.

As Nicholas was getting ready for his trip,
He received very sad news from home.

He learned that his father and mother had died
recently
And left to him all their possessions and gold.

So saintly Nicholas invited to his place all the needy
families
And generously gave them of his wordly wealth.

And he addressed the crowd, saying: "Not all of you
are poor,
Not even some of those who came here in tatters.

The people who are really needy are the lame ones.
poor.

God's blessing does not extend to the idlers who are

Whoever pretends to be needy
His will be a very sad lot."

O God, my Heavenly Father, I have come to You,
Asking You graciously for new favours.
Bless me, a plain farmer's boy,
Help me to be helpful to others in our country.
All my ancestors have been living here plainly,
So help me, merciful God, me, a plain tiller of the land.
Limited in the sphere of my thoughts,
Confined to our rural scenes,
Confined to our rural plain life,
Still I am ready to help the others as much as I can.
I am sure that the people from the same station of life
Will understand my simple aspirations.

Above the other Carpathian mountains
Stands out the Zion Mount:
Thither hie from afar people
To pray to the most Holy God.
Simon hies there, too, as a pilgrim
To pray on his soul's behalf,
And to ask God at the Hoshiv shrine
For blessings for his children.
When Simon had already covered a large part of his
way
His eldest son caught up with him by fast running.
He brought alarming tidings for his father,
Saying that their house was on fire.
The father fondly patted his son on the shoulder

And said: "May God and the good people
Put on the fire, for I cannot break my pledge to
God

And go back without reaching the shrine."

Before he went further on,

His favourite servant caught up with him, saying:

"Come home, sir, for all is burnt down,

Lest some of your stock gets lost."

"I cannot break my pledge to God.

May God and Holy Mother take care of you

Before I return home to-morrow,"

Said the pilgrim on his way to Hoshiv.

Next day early in the morning

Simon came to the Zion shrine.

After saying his prayer there,

He started at once to retrace his steps home.

He hastened home, his heart heavy with worry:

"Perhaps my house is all in cinders;

Perhaps some one lost his life in the fire.

O God, have mercy on me!"

When he came back home he found no fire there,

His wife was well with the family.

So he was glad that he had not yielded

To the imagined fears of the temptation.

(Written down by *Anna Shewchuk* of Port Arthur, Ont., in 1891)

A FOLK PRAYER

On the Zion Mount two big branches hang from a tree

And in their shade the Holy Virgin slept and rested,

After a long search for her Son.

"O my Beloved Son,

I had a strange dream.

The Jews got hold of you

And nailed you to a tree,

Driving nails in your hands and feet,

And driving them under the nails of your hands.
But then came along Saint Peter and Saint Paul
And freed you from the tortures.
Now, Saint Paul and Saint Peter,
Each take a golden cross in hand,
Go into the world to teach the people.
Forgive the people their sins
And keep before them, so freed,
The gates of Paradise open!"

(Recorded from *C. Procaik* of Yorkton, Sask., August 23, 1952)

A FUNERAL DIRGE

My years have rolled away,
Whirling tornado-like,
It seems now
That my life was but a dream.
Now the fearsome Death has arrived
And impatiently waits nearby,
Hungrily looking at me
Like a famished lioness.
"O Death, why did you come
Without letting me know in advance?
I did not expect you yet,
I am not yet ready to go with you,
Please, wait yet at least an hour,
I want to see my relatives yet
And ask them to forgive me
For my mistakes and sins.
How can I go empty-handed with you
To meet my God?
You want to snatch me away
Before I have confessed my sins."
In vain you complain,
In vain you blame the Angel of Death.
He was not your life's guardian

Nor the steersman of your deeds.
You had fear of Death,
Intending to live at least a hundred years.
Though you are not old nor ready,
Now you must come along with me.
I have to deliver you today
To face God's Judgment."

"O Holy Trinity,
Please, give me back my years of youth,
Kindly prolong my life,
I shall live praising You for Your Mercy."

(Submitted by *M. Koshman* of Vegreville, Alta., August 25, 1955)

A LEGEND ABOUT SAINT PETER

When Saint Peter died for his faith and came to Heaven he said: "O Lord God, may I go down to the earth to say my farewell as I died suddenly? I had no time to say my farewell to anybody at all."

So Saint Peter was allowed to visit this world.

"All right, go down, Peter, but be sure to return!"

Then Saint Peter came to our world. He came to a party where they drank a lot of wine and danced. So Saint Peter forgot to return back to Heaven in due time. He was already three weeks late when he finally returned to Heaven.

"Well, Peter, why are you so late?"

"O my Lord God, the people live in prosperity down there. They drink, and dance, as they have had a good crop. They had a good crop of grapes. Now they are making a lot of wine and drinking it."

"That is all right, Peter, but do they remember me?"

"No, my Lord God, nobody remembers You, except an old widow who lives in a battered little hut, pestered by the people."

So God punished the people with a war. It was a terrible war. And Lord God said:

"Go, Peter, again to the world and stay there a month."

Peter thought to himself: "Well, it is better this time. I shall have more time now." So Saint Peter came to our world during the war, amidst bloodshed and weeping. After looking around and seeing no safe place for himself, Peter came back to Heaven. And God asked him:

"Peter, why did you come back so soon? Well, Peter, do the people remember me now?"

"My Lord God, even a little child puts its little hands together and prayerfully raises them up to You, God."

"But when they had good crops they did not remember their God. They drank and danced, forgetting everything else. Do you see what happens?"

"My Lord," says Peter, "now they are punished for their sins."

(Recorded from Mrs. Kateryna Troyan from Carpatho-Ukraine and now of Lethbridge, Alta., June 3, 1953)

THANKSGIVING DAY SONG FROM WESTERN UKRAINE

*(After finishing the season's work, the harvesters
carry home a wreath and sing)*

While finishing our work
At reaping your wheat,
We kept quenching our thirst
At the field-well.

Now three hundred of us, harvesters,
Enter through a gaily-painted gate
Our landlord's home-yard
And approach his decorated porch.

His good wife greets us
By the home-yard gate,
Tinkling her many keys
And thanks God

For helping us to finish our work
At harvesting,
Both wheat and hemp.
(They sing at the porch)

Our dear landlady,
Serve us food and drink as fast
As we worked out in the field
Harvesting your wheat.

(From the village of Konyushky, District Rohatyn,
Western Ukraine)

A COUNTRY WEDDING

The country wedding ceremony and party are very nice. The wedding starts on Saturday night with the making of a bridal wreath. The girl friends of the bride sit around a table, making the wreath and singing, until very late. In the morning the bride and the bridegroom prepare for the church ceremony. When they return home after the church ceremony, they are met in front of the house by their parents, holding loaves of coiled bread. The parents greet the bride and the groom before they enter the house. Then a wedding banquet begins in the house. The guests are entertained, with the father of the bride giving the necessary instructions. There is dancing until nightfall. At night, the wedding guests present gifts to the bride and the groom. Some of the dance songs are like these:

Whirling, whirling do I go:
Make way for me, girlie sweet!

**
*

My dearest, my own pal,
Of good time we had enough:
Let's pick the right girls for us,
And let's start farming together.

Let's pick the right girls for us
Who will make good housewives.
But let's not look for dowries,
And let's not marry frivolous girls.

The cows as dowry may die off,
And a frivolous girl will play with fancies.
No fit companions would we have
To go with to neighbourly parties.

(Recorded from *Mrs. R. Zaluc'ka*, Regina, Sask., May 28, 1953)

The bride and the groom stand in front of their parents, sitting on a bench and holding a loaf of bread in their laps. Then the "starosta", the master of the ceremony, says:

"Here your child stands in front of you, like an angel in front of God, pleading you to forgive her all her mistakes and for all occasions on which she did not please you, did not obey you, or caused you some mortification. Please, do forgive her.

I thank you, father and mother, for bringing her up and for having protected her from getting burned, drowned, or coming to some other harm.

And now, dear father and mother, give your blessing to your child for her wedding ceremony."

(Recorded from *S. Sysak* of Vegreville, Alta., August 25, 1953)

When the bride enters the room the guests sing:

Visit us, O God, now
When everything goes well.
And visit us, O Holy Mother,
And bless this bridal wreath-making.

Give us, bride's mother, a needle
And a silken thread,
As we are going, father and mother,
To start making a bridal wreath.

While the guests were making the wreath
They drank mead and brandy,
And before they finished it
They blessed it with good wishes.
They wished the bride and groom
Good health and good luck.

The guests before the bridegroom comes in:

There is a fire blazing in the woods,
With a blacksmith sitting beside it.
He is shoeing a black horse
For our bridegroom.

They sing when the groom comes to take away
the bride:

You will ride away on my horse,
On my raven-black horse,
In company of my best men,
Of my very young men,
Mounted on the white-tailed horses.

The guests sing when the bride is actually taken
away:

Here, sit on this horse, my beloved one;
Your tears will be of no avail to you.

From the hills to our porch.
Now we can smell you,
You have come here to bless our drinks.

(Recorded from *Mrs. H. Yakivchuk*, Vegreville, Alta, Aug. 25, 1953)

The girls sing at the time of the wedding-gift presentation:

On this moonlit night
This young man looks very bright.
When he came in
With a gift for the bride
He put his hand in his pocket
And brought out a handful of coins.
Just a penny he put on the plate,
But a glassful of brandy he drank down.
A fine fellow is our best man,
Though he has not washed his face for three days,
And he has not combed his hair for four days.
But when he washed his face on the fifth day
He smuggled up to one of our bridesmaids.

Why doesn't our bridesmaid sing?
She is afraid to show her long teeth.
She is afraid to grin
And make us laugh in fun.

Our master of ceremonies
Is fit to take the horses to the pasture,
And our bridegroom should be his assistant,
As he doesn't know how to embrace his bride.

Don't eat so much, girls, don't eat!
Didn't you have your supper at home?
But you may have some of this cheese.
Eat, and merrily clap your hands!

(Recorded from *Mary Yurkiv*, Flatbush, Alta., April 29, 1955)

WEDDING KOLOMYJKAS

Sweet is the music of these birch-wood violins
And of the cymbals with a hazel-wood base,
But sweeter is this Ukrainian girl:
If I marry her not, I shall never marry at all.

●
I like to gaze at these white geese,
Swimming in the pond,
But I prefer to gaze at the wonderful maidens
Of the village of Sukhostaw.

●
I have been faithful to you, my periwinkle wreath,
Symbol of maiden's innocence,
But I pray to God not to let me stay here
A pining old maid . . .

●
If you really love me, pretty maiden,
Have me as your only love.
Do not love, while loving me,
My handsome partner also.

●
Before I got married,
When I was still a young girl,
The ground was resounding
To my nimble, tip-tapping feet.

But since I got married
I do not find much fun in being a wife,
The ground does not resound to my feet,
Not even the grasses go swish . . .

●
I do not sing out of sheer joy,
It is not happiness that makes me sing,
On the contrary, I am unhappy
And that is why I sing.

(Recorded from *Mrs. Mary Pawchuk* of Rosburn, Man., May, 1955)

WEDDING SONGS

Oh, side by side there grow rye and grass in the
foothill field.

"Will you be sad, oh, mother, when I go away?"

(Repeat every second line.)

"Sad am I, my daughter, and weary grows my heart.

Oh, who will take care of me in my old age?"

"Brother and sister I leave with you, mother,

But sadness takes hold of this house now.

Sorrow takes hold of this house and the yard.

Sorrow will dwell here until my wedding ends.

Play, musicians, blow your horns merrily,

Blow away from my heart this grief!

Where are you, best men, with your cockades gay?"

Help me to carry home this dowry — my
embroidered pillows."

To the church we take our bride and groom:

Sing ye, wedding guests, like the birds of spring!

The more the winds bend the birch-tree, the faster
it grows:

The more brides the family provides, the more it prospers ;

Like a rose-bush or a cranberry-bush it prospers
and grows.

The priest was to us like a father, let us thank him —

So little did he charge for the wedding vows,

A dollar and a half he took from our dashing groom.

Be merry, mother, wedded is your boy.

Wedded is my daughter to your son.

"Happy were my days when my boy was still growing up."

A sad man am I, for my daughter is gone.

"But I have in place of one, two now, so happy am I."

Be merry, dear mother, put on your new red shoes!
Trample down with them your troubles and make
the newly-weds gay!



Come out, dear mother, in your fur coat made new,
And greet your newly-weds with handfuls of sweet
honeycomb!

(Recorded from *Mary Yurkiv*, of Flatbush, Alta., February 2, 1955)

MY MOTHER GAVE ME IN MARRIAGE

My mother gave me in marriage
To an old man,
Yet she told me to cherish him
As if he were young.

Oh, I shall cherish well
My old husband,
By putting two stones under his head
And a third one on top of it.

O merciful God,
Take my old husband's soul,
Take it and let it hang
From a pear-tree.

The winds will blow
And shake his soul there,
Reminding him that it was a sin
To marry a young girl.

(Recorded from *Katerina Troyan* of Lethbridge, Alta.,
who came from Carpatho-Ukraine.)

A HUMOROUS WEDDING SONG

If you want to have cabbage,
"You have to water it while it grows.
Bring your water in pots or pails,
If you want to have big cabbage-heads.
Our master of ceremonies fell downstairs
And spilled spoons all over,
But our mistress of ceremonies has picked them
up
And set them on the table.
A lot of fat floats in this cabbage-soup,
So many things it contains —
Cabbage, chunks of meat
And bits of pork fat.
Ah, what a small man is our master of ceremonies
And his coat is all in tatters.
We promise him to patch it up,
If he will let us dance now.

(Submitted by *Mary Yurkiv* of Flatbush, Alta., April 29, 1955)

A PRETTY DAUGHTER A MOTHER HAD

A pretty daughter a mother had
And she kept urging her to marry a musician.
"Please, mother, do not scold me
And do not urge me to marry the musician.
A musician, people say,
Can never manage his money matters well.
He may play at a Sunday party,
Sleep during the day on Monday,
Cheer himself up with drinks on Tuesday,
Have a fight with his wife on Wednesday,
May feel well on Thursday
And go out for a walk,
On Friday he may buy replacements for the
broken strings,

And may start playing again on Saturday.”
But the mother ignored her daughter’s pleadings
And forced her to marry the musical suitor.
So now the young wife daily weeps
And her musical husband either drinks or plays.

(Submitted by *Mrs. M. M. Bzova* of Roycroft, Alta., May 5, 1955)

WEDDING DAY SUPERSTITIONS

If it is a bright and sunny wedding day, a bright
and happy future awaits the newlyweds.

●

If the bride is the first one to start getting up
from a kneeling position during the church wedding
ceremony, she will be the boss in her new home.

●

It is the custom to put a few coins on the little
carpet on which the bride and the groom kneel during
the wedding ceremony at church so that the newlyweds
will enjoy riches in their new life.

●

It is a bad omen, if a cat or an old woman walk
across the path of the bride and her groom when they
are on their way from the church wedding ceremony.

(From *Mrs. Mary Pawchuk* of Rossburn, Man., May, 1955)

EVENING SONG

Even in the city of Lviv
They lack such good things
As we find here on the bride’s table.
For them we thank
Her parents and relatives,
For their grand meal,
For their kind words,

And for the countless drinks
At this wonderful wedding.
All would be wonderfully well,
If we could only see the bride's father.
Did he by any chance
Get cold feet at seeing so many guests
And hide himself in the store-room?
Come out from there, our dear host,
And greet us all, your guests.
"Here I am, my dear guests,
Welcome to our wedding party,
Kindly help yourself to our food and drink,
And be merry!"
"We cannot get merry
Without a barrel or two of the good thing,
Without a barrel of mead and a barrel of gin.
We shall get merry
When we hear a pibroch tune for dance."

(Submitted by *Mary Yurkiv* of Flatbush, Alta., April 29, 1955)

CHRISTENING PARTIES

We used to invite to a christening party a god-father and a god-mother. Some people used to invite more people, even as many as twelve. Then we would go to the church to have the child christened. A couple of god-parents would hold the child and the others would take part in the ceremony by holding in their hands the christening robes. After the ceremony, the priest would be invited to the christening party, and the guests would depart for the child's home. There they would eat the christening party dinner and sing some nice songs for the occasion. Then they would present all kinds of gifts and money for the child and sing:

Ah, have a drink, god-mother,
Have a drink, dear,
Oh, do have a drink, darling,
You sweet dove of a woman.
God-father, I do not drink,
No, I do not drink, dear,
I am telling you, dear,
I do not drink.
Oh, do drink, god-mother,
Please, dear, do drink,
Drink it down, darling,
You sweet dove of a woman.

And here is another song for such an occasion :

A god-father was courting a god-mother,
Promising to plough her hemp field.
When he was ploughing it,
He kept saying:
"What a god-mother you are!
You are such a pretty god-mother!"

(Recorded from *Mrs. A. Mandziy*, Calgary, Alta., June 2, 1953)

My dear husband has scolded me
When he felt all blue,
But I am a good house-wife,
Everybody knows that.

A good house-wife am I,
People know me well,
I have four cart-loads of rubbish in the house,
And a fifth in the porch.

Merchants from Ternopil have come
To buy my dust and rubbish,
But I proudly look at them,
Turning down their offer.

"Ah, you merchants of Ternopil,
You had better mend your ways!
Traders from Paris are coming here
With a higher bid.

When my dear husband comes back home
He might thrash me, dears ,
If he finds that I sold our rubbish so cheaply,
Having no money to count."

(Recorded from *M. Koshman*, Vegreville, Alta, 1953)

Please do tell me, my sweet god-mother,
If my chicken has not passed by you?

"Yes, your chicken was running straight ahead
Until she fell down right into my pot."

So I went over to my friend's place
And found my poor chicken lying in it . . .

I grabbed my chicken by "it" and got kicked on
my "it":
I tripped over "what do you call "it", with my
"it" up.

(Recorded from *M. Koshman*, Vegreville, Alta., 1953)

May God give good health
To somebody we know well here,
To our host, of course,
In his hospitable home.

May God bless with good health
Our host and our hostess
For all these good things to eat,
For their generous treat.

●

My sweet god-mother,
Oh, you pretty god-mother,
For coming over to my place
May God bless you with good health.

May God bless you with good health
For being so sweet.
I shall always remember you,
You sweet god-mother.



Do not treat me to your food and drinks,
Dear god-mother;
I shall always remember you,
For a friendly chat.

(Recorded from *M. Koshman*, Vegreville, Alta., 1953)

SPRING SONGS

A cocky hen that sat on the shed laid two dozen eggs;
Now I am selling the eggs and paying off what I owe
the Jews,
For they came to collect, when I was not at home,
And took away my seven spoons, my poker, and my
mop.



Don't you know me any more, Johnny? Why do you
pass my home?
Oh, by the water is my little hut, built of wood and
weeds.
Of wood and weeds it is built, but I shall make it look
pretty.
Here come merchants to my house, bidding high for
my rooster.
But my rooster is not for sale, he guards his flock
so well.
He scratches away the dirt in the yard and keeps his
flock at home.

Oh, come home, my dear hens! Do not scratch in the
neighbour's yard.
No one likes to see any damage done in his yard.
Our neighbour may split your crested heads, my little
hens.

Yonder by a shady tree several dames are drubbing a
tramp.

In the heat of the battle, their bonnets slide off,
Drub-drub-drub go their brushes, brooms, and mops.

While hunting blackbirds in the woods I keep
thinking:

"Why are all men big-headed, unkept and slovenly?"
I keep on hunting and thinking:
"Why are all the girls rosy-white and sweet?"

Under the eaves there was a water-trough,
Brimming over with water.
By and by girls came and washed their feet there,
Leaving the water for the young men to drink.
Why did the young men drink the water?
They drank it as a love-potion.
Two curled up horns has a ram, pointing this way and
that.

I wonder which path leads to my girl's home.

(Recorded from *Mary Yurkiv* of Flatbush, Alta., February 5, 1955)

SPRING SONGS FROM THE REGION OF ZBRUCH

They sang their spring songs and played,
Big girls and little girls, all so sweet and fair.

Oh, if we had sheaves of wheat
We would carry young fellows on them and dump
them in a marsh.

There now, the girls, gaily dressed, dance,
While the young men howl in the marsh.

Oh, how Johnnie struts around in his new hand-
made shirt!

Who made it for him, please, who?

Why, farmer Michael's daughter, that is who.

Where Nickie tended his horses
There the grass grew waist-high,
Where our dear Annie stood
The grass kept glittering with dew.

Keep winding and bloom,
Blossom in gold, you little gherkins!
Oh, this is the heyday of spring,
And maidens should get ready to be June brides!

As this good old lady was picking her pumpkins,
Their weight ripped her apron wide.
Who is suprised at what she does?
She does as her mother did.
Her mother would sit on a stump of wood
And wink from there at the young fellows passing
by.

"Don't look so shyly behind the bushes, fellows,
Come here and admire my dark eyes."

Such a scamp, such a scamp you are, little rabbit,
I wish you wouldn't tramp all over my garden.
All my garden plots sweetly smell,
Yet the little scamp, the rabbit,
Tramps all over my green things.

There, over the osier-willows, by the vicarage,
The wild deer leap high,
But some of the little ones who tried
Hurt their little tiny feet.

Come to me, you bushy-headed Kostrub,
Visit me at least for one long while!
Well, bushy-headed Kostrub did finally come
And plunged me into despair.

●
How disappointed I was!
I didn't like Kostrub at all.
Well, I'll concoct a drink for Kostrub,
And let my worries fly by.
There, my troubles are gone by,
As Kostrub has fallen into a never-ending sleep.
Under the ground lies my Kostrub now,
With my footmark all over his grave . . .

(*Note: Kostrub is the pre-Christian deity of winter.*)

●
All the girls, young and not-so-young,
Were seen to be building themselves a terem with
no windows in.

(*Note: Terem was a harem-house in pre-Christian times.*)

●
Let us storm, young men,
This girl's palace, let us storm.
"No, you shall never capture this palace,
You can never break down its gates."
You will see how easy our conquest will be,
We will capture the palace with the girls
And carry all the girls away.

●
Oh, do let us get hold
Of your castle, your mighty castle!
"No, you shall never enter this castle,
You shall never capture it,
For we shall fight on until our lord returns
From Lviv where he went to rescue his brother
and punish the guilty ones."

Why don't you dance, sweet Annie, why don't you
dance?

"Because nobody cared to get me a new pair of shoes,
my young gallant."

●
Back and forth Natalie walks
On the new willow-board floor of the porch,
Glancing this way and that,
For she expects a visit from her young gallant.

●
The maidens and the married women
Were building a zenana for themselves,
But, strange to say, without any windows.

●
Please, do let us attack
The zanana, the girls' house.

"No, we shall not let you
Break our locks, break our locks."

Nevertheless, we shall break all your locks
And we shall ride with them far away."

●
"We shall not surrender,
We shall not surrender our castle,
Though our Lord Baron has gone to Lviv,
To save his brother from a usurper."

●
Keep on winding, you little cucumbers,
Keep on winding, opening buds,
Wind this way, and come out through there,
And keep reminding the girls to get married.

●
While picking pumpkins in the garden
The old woman tore her apron on a tree-stump.
But we are not surprised at that,
As she acts as her old mother did.
When her mother was still a lass
She used to sit on a log, winking and saying:

"Come out, you lads, from behind the bushes
And take a look at my dark-brown eyes."

Oh, my dear rabbit, my sweet little skipper,
Please do not skip in my garden,
As I have in every plot some sweet-smelling
flower.

But my dear little rabbit still skips and skips,
Tramping all over my garden plots.

Over our parish priest's willow-bushes
Skip high the wild deer,
And their little ones behind them
Are twisting badly their little legs.

"Come to me, come to me, my Shaggy Top,
At least for an hour or so!"
So my Shaggy One paid me a visit,
But he did not please my eyes.
I made so much ado about my Shaggy Top,
Yet I could not love him.
Now let him have this drink,
And my troubles will stop.
Now my trouble is over;
My Shaggy One has fallen asleep for good.
I have just buried my Shaggy One.
And I am tramping down the grave.

Why, Annie dear, don't you dance, don't you dance?
"Because I have no new shoes, my gallant one."

Back and forth, back and forth.
Nell is walking on the willowy board,
Looking expectantly all around,
Trying to guess whence her darling laddie will come.

Girls, big and small, skip round and round,
Singing woodland spring songs.

"Let us have this big sheaf and drag it into a puddle,
With lads sitting a-top of it as if on a horse."
Now the girls are gay and merry,
Jeering at the lads in the puddle.

What a handiwork is Johnny's shirt!
Who made it? Who made it?
Old Michael's daughter, old Michael's daughter.

Where our Nickie's horses graze
Wavy grasses grow waist-high;
And where our Annie stands
The sun shines on the grassy spot.

(Sung by *Mrs. Mary Ewach* at Garland, Man., in 1947)

WHY DON'T YOU COME OVER, MY DARLING?

Why don't you come over, my darling boy, as you did
in the past?
Look, even the slow-growing oaks are green and
the cranberry-bushes are in bloom.
Oh, you are deserting me, my darling.
Since I saw you last much time has gone by.
It was a joyless spring, and the bleak summer is
at an end.

"Sweet girl, do not think I have forgotten you.
Far away am I and cannot see you now, dear.
Among strange people I live now, far, far, away.
Tears moisten my eyes as I think of my beloved."

"Carry to him my message, oh, you stormy wind!
Come to me at least for a short while, my darling boy."
So early next Sunday he mounted a jet-black horse.
Soon he was back home, saying: "Hello, there, my
darling!"

(Recorded from *Mary Bzowa*, Roycroft, Alta., February 2, 1955)

SPRING DITTIES

Oh, yon blooming flax on the hill
Tells of my love for our Lord Crest.
But why should I look for trouble,
Wishing to bear Lady Crest's name and honours?

Oh something glitters on the hill,
But be at ease, sweet maidens,
It's not the medals of a Polish lord,
For feudal times are gone forever.

Gone are the feudal times forever;
The lords now raise herds of pigs
And the lordlings act as their assistants.
Gone from sight are the feudal times.

Here, I have brought you the yellow clay from the hill.
So why should you punish me, dear mother?
"Oh, my daughter dear, I must punish you,
As you flirt too much with the young men."

Young men, far away and out of reach is the flax
in bloom,
But so near are the poppy blossoms in the dale.
Ah, yes, the girls sell one at a thousand,
But you can buy a young man for a penny.

The young men a-hunting went,
And they bravely hunted down a gnat.
Each clamours now for his share.
So they carved up the quarry into parts,
One quarter for this, a quarter for that one,
And the rest of the gnat for the oldest hunter...

While dancing to flute music,

They lifted it to a stool
As a titbit sweet for the young men's meal.



The young men strut like fag-rags,
With their noses lifted high . . .
A whiff of sauerkraut, girls,
Can bring down those noses again . . .



Why, oh, why, my darling sweet,
Are you by-passing my home?
Have you no new shirt, dear?

“Oh, I have a pair of new shirts,
Of brand new shirts a pair,
But no desire have I, my dear,
To visit your home again . . .”



Oh, our rich ladies, rich dames,
They have a dozen blouse-shirts each.
As for me, I have but one, my only one,
Which I wash each Saturday.

I put it to soak at twilight,
At midnight I wash it clean.
When Sunday comes I put my blouse on
And bravely I greet young men with smiles.

(Recorded from *Mary Yurkiv* of Flatbush, Alta., February 5, 1955)

KOLOMYJKA SONGS

My boy friend is an artist in the arts of kissing
And some lads smack with a shoe-leather's kick.



Oh, I hold dear, I love the young man
Whose blue coat shines with many buttons.



Through the green woods went my boy friend
And plucked rakishly a wild flower for his hat.

Do not pick flowers in the green woods, dearest,
You may have one, when you come to me next
Sunday.

●
A brunet pa made for a brunette ma a grind-mill
as a gift:
When they began to grind together their children
ran out
You could die a-laughing when they grind together
groats.

●
Merciful Lord, oh, I pray you
Don't bless me with riches but with a happy lot,
For riches may fade and bring misery:
How could I, young maiden, face the world alone?

●
Oh, the pesky, naughty ducklings these fine grains
do not eat;
Oh, the naughty, pretty girls do not love me, do not
like.
Ducks have eaten all my grain: what is, then, left
for me?
Other men have married girls, and I married an old
hag.
Perhaps I could trade my haggie for an old nag,
Perhaps I could sell the nag's pelt dearly and buy
a girl for me.

●
Oh, dana-dana-dan-dan, I am not going to marry Ivan,
But I am going to marry Daniel, and sit idle then.
Daniel has a barrel of cheese — just help yourself
and eat —
But I would have to carry Ivan's potatoes up from
his cellar deep.

●
I grew up, but not enough; I got married young:
Without asking to see her teeth, I married an old maid.
●

An oak-tree, an oak-tree you are, but I am a birch,
But nothing will be made of you: a cradle will be
made of me.

A good-for-nothing you will stay, to be chopped up,
But I shall be made into a cradle for a baby to sleep in.

●
If you love me, darling, dearly, as a secret keep it,
Otherwise the people will part us and blow us asunder.
Even a straw-stack blown asunder is still good as
fodder.

A hard lot awaits a girl suffering from defamation.

●
Under an oath I have stopped eating garlic and onions,
But I cannot take an oath to stop loving Helen.

●
Don't come any more to my home, you dirty rascal.
A very handsome young man has become my boy
friend.

●
The whole world round there is no such young man
as Nick:
In his grey hat, oh, so gallant, but he doesn't know
I love him.

●
I hardly saw Mike when I rode by him,
But I looked sweet with arms akimbo, when
I passed Johnny.

●
My pond was in the kitchen where I scooped water
with a net,
Fished with a rake and shot at the birds with poppy
seeds.
But my pond burned up, my fish burned too,
And the scorched pike-fish flew away to the woods.
I went to the woods and was cutting down oak-trees
with a stick,
I hit a frog in the feet, it kicked and knocked out
my teeth.

O, my mother, mother dearest,
Do not marry me to an old, nasty man.
His tobacco-smelling whiskers
Would be seeking for my rose-like cheeks.

•

"Your father scolds you: my mother scolds me."
"They have kept me from marrying a sweet maiden
— you."

•

Our dad is making sieves and bells,
Mother is hardly ever sober...
It is wonderful to sleep under the netting of a sieve,
With the wind passing through the holes: you feel
neither warm nor hot.

•

As I look at a young greyish drake swimming in the
pond, I think:
"I would rather have a young widower than an old
bachelor."

•

You failed to marry me off when I was still young
and gay;
Surely you cannot marry me off now — a bachelor
old and grey.

•

Like an eagle carrying off a goose from a pond,
I'll carry off this Mazur girl and change her into
a Ukrainian maiden.

•

O Merciful Lord, I have on my hands four girl
friends;
Here comes a gabbing fiend and offers me four
flutes for each.

•

You stop loving my dear boy friend, you dishevelled
hag!
I'll come over, if you don't, and leave no teeth in
your mouth.

Like my own sister you are to me, so let's pool our
pennies

And make as a gift a nice shirt for this handsome
young man.

You will embroider it and I will do the plain sewing.
Maybe he will like dancing with you while loving me...

●
An absent-minded girl you were when you sowed flax
in place of hemp!

I wish you could do your work as nicely as you sing.

●
What a lover — the dogs bark at you!
There is more snivel in your kiss than fiery zest...

●
Oh, what a conceited girl she is! so proud, oh, so
proud!
Showing off her bulging saucer-like eyes and
pumpkin-like head...

●
If I knew the time when my boy friend visits this
other girl,
No policeman could stop me from smashing her
windows. . .

●
When I was just little, oh, how little I knew!
I swore I would love nobody, no, no, no . . .
Now I am a big girl — a marriageable miss,
And I have broken many a lad's heart, yes, yes.

●
“Come over, Steve, there is no one at home . . .”
Oh? I have just seen your dad at home. Don't lie, my
curly-top!”

●
An aged married woman am I. How happy I was
before the wedding!
Woe, when I dance now I barely shuffle my feet . . .

Why I should get married? Why should I get myself
a wife?

Why should I, while young married women supply my
drinks?

●
A sweet married girl has asked me to come over
While her husband is away in the woods, chopping
down trees.

She promised to give me a gift when I come over —
A gift of a piece of nankeen silk to decorate my
bag-pipe . . .

●
Get up, get up, my baldy horses! for a visit to my
sweet Mary's.
From there we hie to the old man who has a
curly-topped daughter.

●
Jackie's horses met Mary's steers in a meadow lush.
"Pretty slippers I shall get you, lassie, but don't run
away."

●
I feel rested after hoeing all my corn and peas.
I would like now to whirl round swiftly in a dance.

●
A fast one was my boy friend, called Nick.
To blazes he went when once he got up on a gig.

●
Do you love me, dear boy, or are you just fooling, dear?
You hug me so much, but why do you not kiss?
"Ah, how I love you, my darling! I am not fooling
you, my dear,
But I am such by nature that I do not kiss . . ."

●
An old woman once wanted to be young again.
So in her bonnet she stuck some flowers gay.
"Pretty flowers, so young and gay,
A while ago I thought I was old, but I am really
young . . ."

An old one-toothed woman, who lived on a high hill,
Began to shed tears in front of her skipping turkeys,
for she couldn't dance again.

My mother gave me a few slaps after Thursday's
dance.
She said I stared too much at a dandified young man.

I began to sing when I was a girl of fifteen,
And I shall keep singing gaily until I am twenty.

When I went out just for a quiet walk
One girl brought me a cake and another one a drink.
I drank the offered drink and pocketed the cake.
"Begone, girls!" I said and continued my walk.

Don't you date me, you little shrimp, don't come near
me!
You have already trodden down my little patch of
maize.

I am a rich girl. All these seeded fields are mine.
Never did I love you, dear, but just the wallet in your
pocket.

(The above kolomyjka songs were sung, for recording, by *Mary Yurkiv*, of Flatbush, Alberta, on February 5, 1955)

DITTIES

(*Kolomyjkas*)

Oh, you think, young fellow, that I really care for you?
Well, when I get out, seven other fellows run to meet
me.
Two of them write verses for me and the third paints
my likeness,

The fourth keeps me warm and the fifth does the same,
With the sixth I like to chat and with the last one
to dance.

(From *M. Orbein* of Barrington, Quebec, May 5, 1955)

WHOSE IS THAT ORCHARD?

Whose is that orchard, all in white bloom?
The green periwinkle has thrickly spread in it.
But there is no one there. No one comes there.
Only my dark-eyed darling lets his horse graze there.
There, by the horse, he often reads my letters,
"Oh, beloved one, you need not act like a lord.
Take your horse by the bridle and come on a visit to
me."

And to me, his girl friend, he writes often, too.
"Oh, my sweet girl, I am a slave of my military duties.
Punishment awaits me, if I leave my post."

POLKA DITTIES

Oh, sweet maiden, help me, please,
Spread your quilt here, oh, please, do,
For I feel giddy as I look at you,
I may fall down from my horse and hurt myself.

●
Tell me, maiden, where are you going?
Show me what you are carrying.
"Oh, I carry apples and pears —
A tasty treat for young men."

●
No, I am not going to the woods,
I am too young yet to die.

If a tree fell on me,
My girl friend would cry.

●

A girl was eating her porridge
And sweetly prating to me.
She told me a bushel of sweet trifles.
She told me that she would be mine when she
grew up.

●

Spanky-spank went his hand,
Oh, the spanker had on nice red pants.
Heavy was the spanker's hand,
Though he had on his red pants.

●

This way, that way do I go,
Looking for my girl's home.
I want to borrow a comb from her
To comb this bushy hair of mine.

●

It's a task to dance with you,
Shake a leg, oh, maiden, do!
Like my horse's fodder bag,
You are just shaking in one place.

●

I am old Barbara's boy,
I have eaten a pot of porridge.
Sitting by the door, I ate it,
And threw out the empty pot.

●

Play well, piper, play for me
While I prepare this meal for you.
By and by you shall sup well;
This baked potato you will eat.

●

Never do I want to wed,
I hate married people's troubles —
Always washing spoons and dishes,
Kneading dough, or rocking a cradle . . .

I WALKED THROUGH A VALLEY

Oh, I walked down through a valley,
Picking roses and cranberry blossoms.
Should I get married, or stay single?
Troubles and more troubles — when one gets married.
If I stay single, people will keep gossiping about me.
Like the wind-blown trees, I bend low below the
weight of worries —
Other men want to marry me, but my beloved one
stays away.
Oh, my sweet darling, do come over to my place,
And tell me, dearest, if you really love me.
“Oh, I do love you, my dear, like my own well-being,
But you may look for another one, if you want
a married one’s lot.
Troubles and worries then will cut short your life.
As for me — I want to enjoy life as a young single
man.”

OLD COUNTRY DITTIES

It is but four miles
To the dale where my dear lad lives,
Yet my eyes grow sore
From looking so often in that direction.

I strain my eyes,
I make my head ache,
Looking in his direction
Where he studies and lives.

I loved a handsome young man
And he loved me.
It was God’s gift, not for me, but for my
king’s army,
So I do not bewail him.

He was a handsome one,
So gallant and young,
But another girl took him over:
May she see no light!

An ugly witch the girl was
Who took away my darling.
Then she left him,
That painted-up hussy.

Yes, she was a painted-up hussy,
The one that took you away, you silly man.
If you want real love,
Stick to such fair ones as I.

They made a hussar of my laddie,
They made him ride a horse,
But, for God's sake,
He doesn't know how to groom his horse.

So the officers will teach him
How to groom his horse,
Pulling him by his ears,
If he disobeys.

"Ah, let them pull me by the ears,
I am not afraid of them.
This good horse will help
To carry me through my soldier's duties."

Do not carry yourself so high,
My handsome fellow!
Do not be so proud,
I am not after you.

Do not be a prig,
I am not after you.
I have a handsome boy friend,
Come over and meet him.

It's he I love,
He is dandy,
But if he meets you,
He will kick you out of sight.

"I do not see the village of Rudnyk,
No, I do not see it from here,
Nor can I get there now
Through this deep snow all around me.

I am snowbound here,
I cannot stand this life,
I am pining away in lonesomeness."
I am pining away in lonesomeness.

"Don't feel lonesome, laddie dear,
Don't pine, my dear.
I have forded many a river,
I'll ford the Danube, too."

"If you keep pining after me,
Sweet girl,
You'll have no time to harvest your hemp
Until winter comes."

Katie said so,
And Irene says so, too,
That it is nice to sleep in the shade
During the midsummer day.

It is nice to sleep in the shade
In an apple orchard.
I could chatter there
With many young men.

Let's sing, girls, together,
For good luck.
It would be good luck,
If we marry the young men of the same
family.

I will be Billy's wife,
And you will be Peter's;
Thus we could stay friends,
Living together and well-off.

(Submitted by *Mrs. M. Chlibec'ka* of Vegreville, Alta., August 5, 1955)

WELL, LADS, LET'S DO IT THE COSSACK WAY! WAY!

(Dance Ditties)

Well, lads, let's do it the cossack way —
We have no bread, so let's eat pancakes!
Great fellows you are, lads —
One of you has a belt and the two others use
strings . . .

Hey, you dark-eyed maiden,
Splitting kindling in the door-way,
Split it into splinters, dear,
And be as brave in loving us young lads.

When I was but a little baby
My mother rocked me in a cradle or a box.
Now I am a big baby,
So young lads rock me in their arms.

Ah, my dad was a yoke-maker
Who loved all the pretty lasses,
But I, as I helped him to make yoke-links,
I loved both the lasses and the married beauties.

I was watching a wild duck in the lake
When a lad put his arms around me,
And caressed me and kissed me,
Whispering sweet words of love.

●
That young man must be a Hun, mother,
He is so fat and stout.
He would be too lazy to love.
Such fat, perhaps, may improve the taste of
sauerkraut.

(From *J. Savic'kyj* of Kamsack, Sask., May 5, 1955)

HALF OF THE ORCHARD IS IN BLOOM

Half of the orchard is in bloom, half of the buds have
wilted.

Such is my lot: I am heavy-hearted when the evening
comes.

Such is my lot: I am heavy-hearted when the evening
comes.

Once John loved Mary; now he does not even notice
her.

Oh, Johnny, where are you getting ready to go?

Why are you putting on your top-boots?

"Oh, Mary, sweet Mary, Saturday is almost gone,
Yet I had no top-boots on my feet."

Oh, Johnny, where are you getting ready to go?

Why are you putting on your sheep-skin coat first
this week?

"Oh, Mary, sweet Mary, we are going to have
a moonlit night,

So a young cossack like me wants to be in company."

Oh, Johnny, where are you getting ready to go?

Why are you tempting your good friends to go along
with you?

"Oh, Mary, sweet Mary, I am going to a fair.
I want to buy there gifts for my friends."

Oh, Johnny, Johnny, my darling dear,
If you go to a fair, let us go there together.
"Well, my sweet Mary, there might be no fair at all.
Then you would waste so much of your precious time."

All right, Johnny, you may go without me to the fair
And buy nice gay horses for your chums.
You may go, Johnny, you may go, but do not tarry
there.

As soon as you get the gifts, return to me.

On his return from the fair Johnny said: "Dear Mary,
Stay at home tomorrow. Let Helen go to church."
When Helen came home from the church and took
off her things
She sat down by the table with a heavy sigh.

"Why didn't you go to church, my sister dear, Mary?
Didn't you want to hear Johnny's wedding banns?"
When Mary heard the bad news she just gave a heavy
sigh
And the same Sunday afternoon the Danube engulfed
her . . .

Before Mary sank down she kept on calling out:
"Good people, please, tell my darling,
Tell Johnny of this, let Johnny know
That his Mary is gone from this world."

The fishermen who were fishing there
Caught Mary's body, by and by, in their nets
And brought her in a boat to Johnny's, and not to
her mother's,
And said: "Here is your, sweetheart. Bury her,
Johnny."

Johnny told them to put her on a wide oaken bench,
Kneeled down and for a long time gazed at Mary's
fair face.

The hearse was drawn to the grave by a pair of his
best gray oxen.
Johnny walked behind with tears rolling down his face.

He made her rest in a deep, wide grave,
And he shed bitter tears, as if she were his nearest kin.
He raised a high mound above the grave
And he planted a cranberry-bush at the head of
the grave.
A high cross, with a periwinkle wreath, marks the
place,
And the inscription reads: "To the betrayed Mary."

(Recorded from *Mrs. M. M. Bzova*, of Roycroft, Alberta, on February 19, 1955, who copied it in 1911 from her mother, later making some alterations and additions.)

●
Ah, when my handsome man died
He left me a bag of money —
Enough for a riotous life for me,
And for a decent burial for him . . .

While his still body was still in the house,
A little sorrow bothered me,
But when that cold thing was taken away
I felt again like dancing.

When they lay him down in the grave
One foot was sticking out —
I beat it down with a poker . . .
"Put down your foot, — you!"

●
Where are you going, my darling man?
Whither are you riding, my graying dove?
"I won't tell!"
Out of your goodwill, dear,
You will tell me, as I'm your wife.
"I'm going to the city."

Darling, take me along with you,
Please take me, my lovey-dove.

"I won't take you!"

Out of your goodwill, dear,
You will take me, as I'm your wife.

"Sit down at the back but don't break
the axle-piece!"

What do you have here in the wagon, dear man?
What have you here, my lovey-dove?

"I won't tell."

Out of your goodwill, dear,
You will tell me, as I'm your wife.

"Well, pears for sale."

Give me some of your pears, dear man,
Please give me some pears, my lovey-dove!

"I won't give."

Out of your goodwill, dear,
You are going to give me some, as I'm your wife.

"Well, take that half-rotten pear."

Ah, may the devil take you with your pears!
I am still young — I'll get myself a gentleman . . .

"Whoa, stop, horses! Take the whole bag of
pears, dear,

But don't run away to get yourself a
gentleman!"



Others go to fetch fuel faggots, (*Repeat*)

But I go to get a girl,

All alone.

Others are coming back with faggots; (*Repeat*)

I am coming back with a girl,

Coming home.

The father asks his son:

"How much does a girl like this cost?

Like this one?"

Don't ask me, father dear!

Whatever she cost we have to pay,

We have to pay.

Whatever she cost we have to pay

And have her here around the house,

Here, at home.

(Sung by *Mary Yurkiv* of Flatbush, Alberta, February 2, 1955)

AT THE MARKET PLACE

They talked of the news at the market place:

A girl poisoned a rich young man with a charm-
potion.

Before she gave him the charm-potion, she called
him in.

"Come in, my darling, I have something to tell you."

When he came in she handed him a glass of beer.

"I had mine, so drink this to your health, darling."

"When I drank down the glass of beer it made me
wobbly.

So I told them to take me home and let me lie down."

When they brought him home he stood leaning
against a table.

"Where did you go yesterday, son?" his mother asked.

"Don't question me, mother, but fetch me quickly
a new shirt.

And, please, do not sue the widow's daughter for this.

If you sue her, there will be many complaints

And I'll suffer the more, lying in the grave.

Oh, mother, I was on a visit at my girl's home.

She gave me a glass of beer which is killing me.

Before I pass away, mother, I want to put on a new
shirt.

Then go and call in the widow's daughter."

So Patsy came in and kept standing by the door.

"It seems, Patsy, you have poisoned my son with
a charm-potion."

"No, neither I, nor my mother, we know not how to
make such charms.

The girl of our third-door neighbour gave him the
potion."

(Recorded from *Mary Yurkiv* of Flatbush, Alta., February 5, 1955)

A BLACK CLOUD IS COMING

A black cloud is coming, and a black crow is croaking.

Tears are rolling down my face, as I say goodbye.

Farewell, my beloved one, of beautiful eyes and brows,

Farewell, rosy-cheeked girl, with lips so sweet,

Farewell, my golden-haired maiden, as now we part.

"They say I am ill and dying slowly of love,
I am pining and fading away since my dearest boy
friend went away.

Bury me when I die and fence in my grave,

And a golden inscription put on it.

Let people read and remember me and him,

Let them know that a parting in love can kill."

O MY COSSACK DEAR

O my cossack dear, your mother does not approve
of me,

She is looking for another girl for you.

"Let her look for another one but not for me,

For I am going to dig my own grave."

O my cossack, dig the grave wide,
I want to lay down my own heart beside yours.
Keep on digging our grave, my beloved cossack,
And I am going home to put on my best dress.
I am putting on my very best clothes,
And with gay blue and golden ribbons myself

I bedeck.

My mother comes in and, wringing her hands, asks:
"Where are you going, my daughter, so early in your
best dress?"

"Goodbye, my mother dear, farewell forever.

I am going straight to the churchyard now.

Goodbye forever, my dearest mother.

Nothing can save me now.

You did not let us get married,

So now you must bury us together."

When I came to the churchyard, my dear one was not
there.

O my God, good God, where is my grave?

Then my beloved came along and took hold of my
hand.

At the least touch we fell into the grave together.

ABOUT HARRY, A DON COSSACK

Oh, Harry, Harry, you cossack of the Don,
You have broken so many hearts in our country!

One girl especially is sorrowing after you,
The one who loved you, Harry, so sincerely.

That girl loved him very dearly,
Charming him with all the charms she knew.

After charming him sweetly with all her charms,
She even brought out his horse, already saddled.

She saddled his horse, and, moreover,
She even combed his horse's mane.

She brushed and combed his horse's mane,
And she brought out a meal, on a plate.

There was fish on the plate
And slices of snow-white bread.

"Here, have your supper, Harry,
If you are still single, you may lodge here for the
night."

In the morning Harry told her
That he was married and had two children.

She went in for a while to put on her best clothes
For the moment Harry took his leave.

But when she came out Harry was gone:
She just found three lines of footmarks.

There were also footmarks of his best friend.
There were also footmarks of his best friend.

Yes, those were the footmarks of his friend,
And beside his comrade walked away Harry.

(*I. Vytrykush*, Toronto, Ont., December 11, 1955)

THE MOWERS WERE MOWING

It was fair weather when the mowers were mowing.
They found in the pond nearby a girl's body.
Like a bride she looked, with her tresses hanging
down.

She was the one who got married against her will.
Oh, what a sorrowful affair was her wedding!
With guests from a far-off-place he came,
He came to her house.

She did not even ask him to sit down.
Yet she was forced to marry him in the church on the
hill:

There she was wedded to him,
Though she was in love with another man.
“I am forced to marry against my will,
Will I learn to be happy by and by?” she kept asking.
Somebody whispered: “No happiness awaits you,
The wife of a drunkard you will be.”
Just like a twig of cranberry-bush,
The girl was torn away from home,
From her kith and kin,
And from the young cossack she loved.

OH, MY GRAY HORSE

Oh, my gray horse, with your white mane,
Take me to the place where my girl lives.
Gray horse, take me to my girl's home,
I want to tell her not to marry anyone else,
I want her to wait and wait for me,
Or else she should give me back my gifts.
“Here, take them back, but do not curse me.
I keep all your gifts here, in my many-coloured
trunk.

If you start hurling your curses at me,
I will hurl out your gifts through this window.
Come out from behind the bush, you fickle lover.
Aren't you sorry for fooling me so long?”

THESE GREEN LEAVES OF THE CUCUMBERS

These green leaves of the cucumbers,
And their long, winding stems, remind me
Of the green periwinkle wreath made at
a betrothal party
Where honey and wine drinks make everybody gay.

THE HAY-MAKERS

The hay-makers move on, with a soft breeze cooling
their faces,

And their scythes lay low long swaths of the silky hay.
Oh, but I do not see my beloved young man there.

My beloved one, oh, stop your playful rides on your
black horse,

And do come over and have supper with me.

"Eat your supper alone, my darling girl, eat alone,
As a long ride awaits me to a far-off-country."

"My beloved man, all your long trips scar my heart
deeply,

So let us stop loving each other, dear."

"I cannot stop loving you, my beloved girl, until
I get you,

Until I feel your rosy cheeks, with my arm around
your slender waist."

In the river wide the girl was washing her feet
When her warrior-sweetheart came riding back.
Before the girl had time to say "Good morning" to him
He was so weary to think

He was so weary even to think

That the fields and the hay-meadows were waiting
for his scythe.

"Oh, get up, my darling man, from the couch;

Here is a glass of your favourite drink.

Don't look so weary, do get up, my darling man,
And drink a glass of the seasoned good old cheer."

"Well, do not be angry with me for drinking this,
sweet girl.

If I do not drink, I may die, and bring real sorrow
to you.

Well, when I die and lie deep in my grave,
You might feel a real sorrow for me then."

(Recorded by *Mary Yurkiv*, of Flatbush, Alberta)

SONG ABOUT A TRAVELLING MERCHANT- CHUMAK

For seven long years a merchant-chumak
Travelled through the lowlands wide,
And never did he have any accident

With his faithful yoke of oxen.
Until one day he stopped
For a rest in a valley,
As he himself fell ill
And his oxen were not well.

The travelling merchant
Lay down under his wagon,
As there was no one
To ask him what ailed him.

Pains shot
Through his head and heart,
As he lay down on the ground
Far away from home.

"I am far away from home,
Among strangers.
Who, then, will bury me,
If I die here?"

Still he managed
To put on his new sheepskin coat
Before he turned face downward
And gave up the ghost.

Next Sunday morning,
At the mournful call of the bell,
All the chumak's relatives came
To bid him farewell.

First, came his eldest sister,
Bemoaning his sad fate:

"So this is, my brother-chumak,
The place where death overtook you."

"Where would you like, my son,
To be buried?"

Asked his mother next,
Choking with tears.

“What a pity you had to die here,
My dear brother,”

Sadly said

The dead man's brother.

“Ah, my son-chumak,
So here you found your end,”

Tearfully said

The dead man's father.

(Submitted by *Mrs. M. Chlibec'ka* of Vegreville, Alta., August 5, 1955)

SONG ABOUT A SOLDIER

Between the oats on a hill
And the rye in a dale,
By a road, out in the field,
A soldier was killed.

Somebody dragged the dead soldier
Into the rye nearby
And covered his pale face and dark eyes
With a silk handkerchief.

A dark-eyed maiden
Found him there,
Lifted up the handkerchief,
And greeted him sadly.

Then another maiden came by,
Lifted the nankeen handkerchief
Recognized his face
And began to lament.

“Rise up, rise up, my darling,
Rise up, my laddie dear.

Your horse is wandering through the bushes
Looking for you."

"Let him go by,
Let him wander, dear,
Until the time
When he shall wake me up again.

When that time comes
And I awake again,
Then you will shed tears too,
But tears of happiness."

(Submitted by Mrs. M. Chlibec'ka of Vegreville, Alta., Aug. 5, 1955)

YON SWIMS A DRAKE

Yon swims a happy drake in the quiet Danube —
(*Every line is sung twice*)

O God, grant my wish, and make him happy, too!
I intend to go far away tonight,
But it makes me sad to take leave of my kith and kin
Not so much of my kith and kin as of my darling,
As there is no more beautiful one in the whole world.
O eagle, O eagle of the beautiful gray plumage,
Sometimes your call is so gently sweet.
O eagle, let me have your wings for four nights.
At midnight I shall fly to my beloved girl.
Ah, but I came too soon to her place:
Her family was still eating its supper.
When they went to bed I entered the house.
They were all asleep, resting gently.
They were all asleep, but not my darling.
I found her sitting and lost in thought.
She was sitting there and plaintively singing:
"Perhaps, my laddie dear will hear my voice,
Perhaps he will take pity on me."

O my lassie sweet, how sadly you sing!
Why do you sing so early on Sunday morning?
"O my laddie dear, I am longing since you are gone,
Oh, how I long to chat with you, my dear."

(Recorded by *Mary Yurkiv*, of Flatbush, Alberta)

AS I WALK HERE IN THE ORCHARD

As I walk here in the orchard,
I am beset with thoughts.
But I think most often
That my beloved girl is far away.
Oh, should I write to her,
Or should I go there myself?
If I write her a letter,
The people will know my secret.
Oh, the neighbours would find it out,
And they would talk of it for evermore.
O my page, my laddie, saddle my horse,
And saddle your Blackie, too.
We shall hie back to the Ukraine
On a visit to my beloved one.

When they stopped by the yard-gate
A precious gem of a girl met them there.
She took hold of the horse by the bridle
And she put her hand in the soldier's hand,
And she led his horse to the stable,
And with her cossack-soldier she entered
the house.
She sent oats for the horse,
And she bid her beloved one sit in a chair.
She stood there, a dark-eyed beauty,
With tears rolling down her cheeks, saying:
"So many times your horse has tasted of our oats!
So many time you have drunk of our mead and
wine!"

(Recorded by *Mrs. A. Mandziy* of Rainy River, Ont., in 1953)

My guests will wear their very best,
And you have just this worn-out dress."

"Oh, I sold my fine dresses of silk
And bought food for you, my growing son."
So saying she left the house,
With bitter tears rolling down her face.

While the mother wended her way
She meet her married daughter.
"I am on the way to your home, daughter,
As my son has driven me out."

While she was still chatting with her
daughter,
Her son came running to her.
"Oh, mother, return home with me,
I came to harm when you left.

Lightning struck my house,
And it burnt down my wheat-stacks,
The stable, the cattle, and the guests with
the house,
Leaving me a widower, with a child."

"It was not lightning, but God's
punishment,
That just overtook you, my son:
He who has no respect for his mother
Must suffer God's punishment."

(From K. *Sydorko* of Mundare, Alta., April 19, 1955)

AS I WAS RIDING BY

As I was riding by a flour-mill,
Aha, aha, your, your, your.
(*This refrain is repeated after each line*)
I saw a girl splashing the water with her feet.

I was gazing so intently at the sight
That my cart tumbled down broken.
I would be not much even to lose a cart,
Through gazing at a beautiful girl,
But her walking is all awry,
And she has a double back,
And she is sniffing
Even when she doesn't cry . . .

(From *M. Orbein* of Barrington, Quebec, May 5, 1955)

AH, MY KITH AND KIN, LET'S DRINK!

Ah, my kith and kin, let's drink!

(Repeat each line)

Let the glass pass round!

As tomorrow we cannot drink,

Far away we shall be tomorrow.

It is as painful to part

As for a fish to leave the water.

I have been happy among you, fellows,

A happy lass was I.

(From *M. Orbein* of Barrington, Quebec, May 5, 1955)

ARKAN-MINUET

As I dance arkan here, in the oak-grove,

I wink at a wall-flower lass

Who stands expectantly,

Displaying her big teeth and big eyes . . .

(Submitted by *Thomas Ewach* of Garland, Man., in 1947)

A SMUGGLING GRANDMA

"Hey, grandma, where are you going

And what are you carrying there?"

(Cried out the border-guard.)

“Well, this bag contains oatmeal and flour,
And here is a handful of snuff, if you want any.”

(Submitted by *Thomas Ewach* of Garland, Man., in 1947)

FROM WHERE COMES THIS GIRL?

(A humorous ditty)

From where comes this girl?
Isn't she from Horodenka?
Her teeth stick out
And her hips are bulging . . .

(Submitted by *Thomas Ewach* of Garland, Man., in 1947)

LORD GREGORACH

Through the market-place in Warsaw
They take Lord Gregorach in handcuffs;
Two guards lead him through the city,
With his hands behind him shackled.

“Lord Gregorach, what have you done?
Why did you kill your own wife?”
“Yes, I did kill my own wife,
As another man was in possession of her heart.”

(Submitted by *Thomas Ewach* of Garland, Man., in 1947)

IS THAT SMOKE OUT IN THE FIELD?

*(This song recalls the Tartar and Turkish
invasions in the Ukraine)*

Is that smoke out in the field? Is that smoke?
Yes, those are Roman's movers smoking and cutting
hay.

They work for Roman who struts around like a lord,
With a Turk walking behind him, leading his horse
by the bridle.

"My friend, Roman, my dear Roman, pleads the
Turk,

"Give me in trade your beautiful sister Helen.

I shall give you boundles tracts of good fields
And as much of woods and forests as you want."

(Submitted by *Thomas Ewach* of Garland, Man., in 1947)

A SOLDIER'S DEATH

No church bells tolled when a soldier died,
But just three soldiers bid him farewell with their
rifle salvo.

Please do not cry, soldier's mother, do not shed your
tears,

As your son rests now in peace in a grave by a meadow
green.

Please do not cry, soldier's sister, tears cannot help:
The passers-by sigh at the sight of your brother's
grave.

Please do not cry, soldier's sweetheart, in vain:
Some other laddie will be glad to call you his darling.

(From *M. Koshman* of Vegreville, Alta., August 28, 1953)

AN ORPHAN GIRL

Willows grew thick by the path where an orphan
wended her way,

With tears from her eyes washing her cheeks.

The Lord, with three angels, met her.

"Where are you going, orphan girl, through these
willow bushes?"

(From *M. Koshman* of Vegreville, Alta., August 23, 1953)

Oh, I am sad, so sad, day and night;
Somehow my heart has very little joy.
My joys, where have you flown from me?
They are gone to the field flowers.
They bloomed with the flowers and faded away.
Oh, my joys are forever gone from me.
Oh, please do return, my joys, back to me!
Cheer me up before I die.

In the meadow by the Prut there is a little house
Where a pretty, flower-like girl lives.
Her eyes are like the bright stars of the night.
One glance at her, and you may happily swoon, my lad.

Sweetly flow the words from their lips,
By the calmly flowing river Prut.

In the meadow by the Prut girls are picking
periwinkle
To make a bridal wreath for the pretty girl.
Now we can hear music in the little house
For the wedding guests of the bride.

(From *M. Koshman* of Vegreville, Alta., August 23, 1953)

A SCHOOL SONG

Oh, I wish I could live in the Carpathian highlands:
It would be beautiful to view what is lower down.
Merrily leap there the wild deer;
Daily one can hear there the merry tunes of the flute.

(From *M. Koshman* of Vegreville, Alta., August 23, 1953)

O MY MOTHER DEAR

O mother dear, what does this drinking party mean?
Why do you force me to marry the one I do not love?
I never loved this man, I cannot love him, dear,
And I shall never live with him in the same house.

Early on Sunday morning Annie got up
And began to get ready to go away.

"Where are you going, sweet Annie?

Why are you bidding good-bye to your mother?"

"I am getting ready, mother, to go to the woods."

"I shall catch you there with my hands

And tie you by your braid to a horse

And let him run and drag you across the field."

"May I have your sharp knife, mother,

To get out this big thorn from my foot."

Of course, I just fooled my old mother,

For I plunged the knife in my heart,

Take lightly this bloody deed, my heart,

Let this unloved man be sorry for this deed.

(From *M. Sekers'kyj* of Radway, Alta., April 19, 1955)

LITTLE SONGS

You will make me happy, lads, if you eat these
dumplings;
You will make me forget my sad lot.

Yes, brother, partner, this is good whiskey,
So let us drink it until Monday morning.
Well, here it is Monday already,
So let's drink this good cheer until Tuesday!

(From *M. Sekers'kij* of Radway, Alta., April 19, 1955)

OH, WHOSE IS THAT WHEAT?

Oh, whose is that wheat along the meadows?
Doesn't it belong to the girl who lost her mother?
Whose is that wheat left still uncut?
Doesn't it belong to the girl who lost her father?
Oh, mother, the time has come to harvest the rye,
And the time has come to let your daughter marry me.
Mother, dear, it is time to cut the bending stalks of
rye,
And it is time to let me marry your daughter.

(From *M. Koshman* of Vegreville, Alta., August 23, 1953)

A SAD FOLK MELODY

You know, my dear neighbour,
A sad thing just happened to me.
My two plots of rue and myrtle
Have been all flooded.

Yes, my good lady-neighbour,
Something even worse befell me.

I let my sweet daughter
Marry a good-for-nothing.

“O my dear, sweet mother,
You who always advised me well,
Please, advise me now, dear mother.
What am I to do now?
Even the wood in my stove, mother,
Does not burn well —
That half-smothered fire is like my spouse:
He doesn't even want to talk to me.”

“He brought you raw wood, my daughter,
That is why it refuses to burn well.
He is good-for-nothing,
That is why he doesn't even talk.
Put more embers, my son-in-law,
Under the pot to make it boil,
Try to be agreeable, my daughter,
Perhaps, you will make him talk.”

“When you went, mother,
To fetch some water from the river,
Why didn't you drown me, mother,
Why didn't you drown me?”

“From the river Danube, my daughter,
I used to fetch the water,
But I kept saying to myself
That you were my only daughter.”

“Have you been going to church,
My dear mother,
And have you not asked God in prayers,
To send me a happy lot?”

“**Though** I went to church, my daughter,
And prayed on your behalf,
I could not change
What was set in the stars for you.”

(Submitted by *Mrs. M. Bzova* of Roycroft, Alta., June 6, 1955)

OH, WHAT A DANDY!

Oh, who is this wobbly-legged dandy
Shuffling along so late at night?
It was John, staggering from a bar-room.
"Let me in, Mary, I am your boy friend."

I can't let you in, I am afraid of my mother.
"I shall pay my respects to your mother."
So he came in, bowing low.
"Now, Mary, come nearer."

John's feet gave way in the next room
And he fell down on a bed.
John lay sprawled on the bed,
His right hand searching for Mary's.

"Mary," he mumbled, "I'll get you a drink,
If you tell me whom you love most."
I do not need any other drink, Johnny,
You are my sweet drink.

(Submitted by *Mrs. M. Bzova* of Roycroft, Alta., June 6, 1955)

ARE YOU ASLEEP, DARLING?

"Are you asleep, darling? Do you hear me?
Who has been staying with you
Until so late at night, sweetheart?"
"Only God was with me, my dear laddie,
But if you care to visit me,
You may stay as long as you want, laddie."
"I am coming to your home, honey.
What reward shall I get from you, dear?
What shall I get, honey?"
"A thousand kisses, my laddie,
What you will find here most sweet
Will be your reward, my darling."

(Submitted by *Mrs. M. Bzova* of Roycroft, Alta., June 6, 1955)

AN OLD MAN AND A STONE

On crossing a street,
An old man stubbed his foot against a stone.
"Why are there nasty things?
The stones just litter up the street,
Stubbing people's feet."
Right then a black, fierce dog
Came running at him from Old Alex's yard.
The old man cried out in panic,
Threw a stone at the dog, and the dog ran away.
"Forgive me, merciful God," said the old man.
Now I can see that all the things You made,
Even the smallest ones,
Are of some use to us people."

(From *A. Shewchuk* of Port Arthur, Ont., May 5, 1955)

OUT IN THE FIELD

Out in the field small snowflakes fly,
Above a mortally-wounded cossack
Who pokes with his sabre and fans with his nankeen
handkerchief.
Trying to keep the fire burning and warming him.
And the cossack whispers to his sorrowing horse:
"My faithful friend, run fast to our home,
Run fast along the road and do not stop
If pretty maidens tempt you with wisps of grass:
Do not stop if the farmers offer you handfuls of oats.
But when you reach our village, neigh plaintively,
Neigh orphan-like by my mother's house.
Remember what to say when my mother comes out.
Do not tell her that I died mortally wounded,
But tell her that I married Princess Grave,
And that a silver shell was given to me as a gift.
Tell her to sow a handful of sand in a stony ground
And that her son will return to her when the sand
sprouts up."

(Submitted by *M. Koshman* of Vegreville, Alta., August 23, 1953)

YOU, GREEN OAK

our green finery, oak-tree, da, hey,
 o doves are cooing sweetly.
 ar them cooing swettly, da, hey,
 I think of two lovers.
 d grows my heart, my dear laddie, at your
 departure, da, hey,
 I wonder how I could live all alone.
 I want is you, my dark-eyed man, da, hey,
 s so sweet to chat when you look fondly at me.
 ime I'll climb up and look at the sea from yonder
 hill, da, hey,
 there I'll see nothing but ships go by."
 beyond the horizon the ships slip by, da, hey,
 ing young maidens bitter cry.
 ere are you going, my darling man, da, hey,
 y can you leave me thus all alone?"
 m leaving you, sweet girl, with people and God,
 da, hey,
 you had better bid me *bon voyage*."

(September 16, 1955, Toronto, Ont., *I. Vytrykush*)

A WINTER ACCIDENT

It snowed so much yesterday, covering up all the roads.
I slipped today on the road and fell down.
Quickly did I get up, laughing at my mishap,
In spite of a bump on my forehead and on one knee.
I'll remember now that fresh snowfall makes roads
 slippery
And one should be careful, stepping on the fresh snow.

(March 26, 1955, Vegreville, Alberta, *Mrs. M. Khlibovec'ka*)

THE WIND BLOWS DOWN THE HILL

The wind blows down a hill
Where Billy is sowing his rye.
While sowing
He glances at Melanie.
“Well, Melanie, do you love me,
Your Billy?”
“If I didn’t love you,
I wouldn’t be following you.
“I have worn out seven pairs of boots in my
pursuit.”
Up and down the hill went Melanie,
Always squabbling with Billy.
Billy wants to reap the rye,
Melanie tells him to mow it.
Billy praises the big stooks,
Melanie says that the sheaves are too small.
“My sweet Basil,
I’ll plant you in my garden.
I’ll take good care of you,
Watering you three times a day.
I’ll pluck off your blossoms
And stick them in my hair.”

Our Melanie bent down
To take a drink of the Dniester’s water
And got her apron soaked.
“Blow briskly, O wind,
And dry my fine apron quickly.
Blow you, O wind, back and forth
And dry my apron with poppy flowers on it.
Blow faster, O wind,
And dry my apron with golden designs.”

What a housewife is our Melanie!
The pigs have been rolling on her floor.
Her dishes are still unwashed,

Overgrown with mildew.
Her unwashed spoons
Have acquired a greenish tinge.
And some yeast-like thing
Is covering up her plates.

Our pretty Melanie
Has made some dumplings with butter and cheese.
She rolls them all over the table,
Dipping them in butter.
Melanie put on a flower wreath
And went to dance at Rohatyn.
Melanie left there her skirt as a pledge
When she ran short of money,
But she wandered if Billy would pay the loan
And get her skirt back.

It's so warm here
And our Melanie became ill,
So let us in,
If you want to see Melanie dance with us.
Now we are going out again,
Goodbye, Melanie, goodbye!

(*M. Yurkiv*, Flatbush, Alta., April 29, 1955)

A YOUNG MAN'S SONG

Once I asked my dad
To let me go to a wedding party.
My dad said:
"May our Lord keep you away from such parties."

Still, against my dad's wish,
I had a jolly good time at a wedding party.
From Sunday's twilight I danced
Into Monday and some more on Tuesday.

On my way home, I paid a visit to a widow,
But she chased me away with her dogs.
"After him, Brisky! After him, Lida!
Chase away that loafer!"

Furthermore, my cap fell into a well
When I tried to get a drink.
When I came home I noticed
A poker and shovel placed side by side.

Also an apple-tree rod
Was lying nearby.
"Well," said my dad, "Bend down, sonny,
And lift up high your coat."

Even my mother helped me to bend down
So that my pants would be more tight at the back.
Then my dad didn't rest
Until he finished counting up to twenty-five...

(September 9, 1955, Smoky Lake, Alberta, *E. C.*)

WHAT A BEAUTY YOU ARE, FAIR MAID

What a beauty you are, fair maid,
With gums but no teeth.
I wish your hands could spin
As well as your feet in dance.
I wish you could move as fast at work
As you move at games and dancing.

A FIDDLE

When I start singing
And playing this fiddle made of birch,
With lily-like strings,
Even Mary would hear.
But when I play.

This other fiddle, made of birch,
With periwinkle-like strings,
The music carries even as far as the Ukraine.



Who's your father, maiden?
Will you dance with me?
"Don't ask me who my father is,
But if you want to dance,
I'll dance with you."

(August 8, 1955, Ashville, Man., *Paul Todorchuk*)

AH ME, WHAT HARD LUCK!

Ah me, what hard luck she had!
The poor widow's worries could have ploughed her
field.

She could have harrowed her field with her eye-brows:
With her tears she could have watered her field.

She sowed wheat in her field, but all her crops were
weeds.

Poor me, I never can even catch a glimpse of my
beloved one.

Out in the field I reaped my wheat alone,
Nor did I find my beloved one at home.

He hung up his sabre on a peg and went out for
a drink:
Who will caress me now in my loneliness?

Here I am making this bed,
Alone, surrounded by four walls, alone.

For what do I make this bed?
Take pity on me, good Lord, on me, still so young.

I see my beauty mirrored in the river,
Ah, but I am so miserable, so alone.

As I look at this handsome drake in the river,
I think of how I blossomed into beauty, beset by
ill-luck.

Where is my good Lady Luck, oh, where?
Did she drown, or did she burn up?

If you are in the water, climb up to me on the bank,
But if you are gone, ah, what a pity!

A BIRCH-TREE STOOD OUT IN THE FIELD

"A birch-tree stood in the field,
With a cuckoo-bird singing up in its branches.

The cuckoo-bird asked the birch:
"Why is your cloak all white, not green?"

"How can I keep green?
Young soldiers rest here in my shade,

Tartars and cossacks have rested here,
And searched for water among my roots.

As they drank the water from among my roots,
They wrote a petition to their commander, asking:

"We beg you, our dear commander,
Let us search for the enemy in the woods.

If they run away from us,
They may attack us again."

MY BRIGHT EVENING STAR

My bright evening star,
Why did you rise so late tonight?
My beloved young man,
Why did you come so late tonight?

My bright evening star,
Clouds have hidden you tonight.
Why is my darling young man
Not coming tonight?

Go ye, white geese,
To splash in the rushes.
Now I am free,
Do come, my beloved, to me.

While the bright evening star
Is hidden behind a cloud,
Stay with me, my darling man,
Until morning tonight.

"I can hardly spend
This night with you, my girl;
I got a call from the army
To enlist and fight."

Go ye, white geese,
Into the water to splash,
Never now do I intend
To put my hair again in braids...

Go ye, white geese,
To splash now in the far-off Danube:
Well, I got my wish,
But what am I to do now, what am I to do?"

(Mrs. O. Kysilevs'ka, Ottawa, written down in 1886,
village Lyakhovec', West Ukraine.)

UP IN THE ORCHARD

Up in the orchard the finest flower is the red rose,
The young man is homely but has a pretty lass.

"Young maiden, why do you prize so much
Your pretty looks?"

Why shouldn't I prize them?
Every bride-to-be wants to be pretty."

"Well, what good does your beauty do you, what
good?
Without a dowry you will have no luck."

"Well, what good would the money do me
If my husband were stinging me with his glances?"

(Mrs. O. Kysilevs'ka of Ottawa, from village Orishkovec',
West Ukraine, 1886.)

A WIDOW HAD A SON

A widow had a son
Who got himself a wife.

So the widow sent her son on a long business trip
And she sent her daughter-in-law to harvest the flax.

"Go, daughter, to harvest the flax in the field.
If you fail in your task, do not return home."

By nightfall there was still much flax standing,
So the poor daughter-in-law dared not go home.

As she was walking through a valley she was changed
into a plant:
The plant shot up and grew up into a tall poplar-tree.

As her husband came back, he said, greeting his
mother:

"I have seen so much of the world, mother,
But I have never seen such a beautiful poplar-tree."

"Still, it's in our way, my son,
Here, take this axe and chop it down."

The poplar began to bend down from the very first
stroke:

At the second she began to talk, saying:

"Dear husband, do not strike me so hard,
Me, your own wife.
Do not cut me down, my husband,
Your mother has changed me thus through
witchcraft."

WHEN WE CAME TO SAMBIR

When we came to Sambir,
And places to sleep were assigned to us
The officers told us
To keep awake through the night.

The officers told us
To wait awake,
With our loaded rifles
Near at hand.

"Have your guns ready, boys,
Have them ready at once,
As we got word from our patrols
That our enemy is nearby."

We fought from twilight
Until down;
A bloody party it was,
With blood in place of wine.

If we keep on fighting
As we did last night,
Soon we shall attain our aim —
We shall make our Ukraine free.

(Received from *Rev. T. D. Volokhatiuk* on March 10, 1956, who recorded the song in the village of Tsyhany, district of Borshehiv, West Ukraine, in June, 1919.)

A SORROWFUL NIGHT

A sorrowful night I had, and sorrowful morning, (2)
When my beloved young man went away.

He went away and is not coming back, (2)
Breaking my heart.

Still I'll wait on the porch (2)
For my darling's return.

There I see him coming back, (2)
Smiling, while I am in tears.

He is smiling and winking, (2)
And urging on his horse.

He was urging on his horse (2)
On his long trip.

At the end of the day (2)
He let his horse go grazing.

While his horse was grazing (2)
He let down to sleep for a while.

But he slept there soundly (2)
For many hours.

But at the right moment (2)
A girl came by.

She plucked up a plant (2)
And with it hit him lightly on his cheek.

"Hey, get up, young cossack, (2)
Your enemies, the Turks are coming this way.

Turks and Tartars are coming this way (2)
And they will take away your horse.

They will take away your raven-black horse (2)
And they will kill you, young cossack.

Well, what is a horse? (2)
But I'd hate to see you die."

"You wonderful girl, (2)
Where are you from?"

"I was born and raised at Sudak, (2)
And it was my destiny to meet you, my cossack
dear."

(September 16, 1955, Toronto, Ont., *Elias Wytrykush*)

WHEN THE WAR WAS RAGING

When the war was raging and field guns roaring loud
Our own house went up in fire.
We were driven out from our Ukrainian homes
To live in misery in foreign lands.
Ingenious are our enemies in their ways
To uproot our people and destroy.
Many of our countrymen were accused of spying
And many of them were killed east of the Carpathians.
Many of our young men were thus hanged,
Falsely accused of treason.
Others were arrested and confined in the Tallerhoff
camps,

Intended to be destroyed by and by.
But in vain do our enemies rage:
More of us will arise to fight for our rights.

FAMILY SONGS

O mother, our dear mother,
Where could we find such as you another?
For such a mother no price is too high,
But such a one no labour or money can buy.

THE SUNRISE AT SAMBIR

(A song of Karmelyuk — a Ukrainian Robin Hood)

The sun has just risen at Sambir,
So away we go, my lads!
I am your Karmelyuk, your chief, lads,
So you are safe with me.

Forty of you I have, my brave lads,
Why should anyone fret about it?
To the highway I shall send you
To wait there for the right passer-by.

To the highway hie ye, laddies!
In the ambush wait there.
See who rides by, or who goes by,
Stop the right ones, my braves!

Then a feudal lord, most despotic,
Comes by in his carriage.
"Good morning, lads! What do you want?"
They greeted him, too, with a laugh.

“Ah, good morning, Mr. Despot!
Reach deep for your wallet!
A thousand for each of us forty will do,
A little ransom for your life, you know.

We have to live in the woods, Lord High,
For a bunch of homeless lads we are.
We take away what was stolen by such as you
And share it with your starving serfs.”

The despotic feudal landlord
Handed out the forty thousand,
All a-tremble, bowed low, and said:
“Here, take this, you brave lads.”

(Sent in by *S. Kotyk* of Fort William, Ont., May 5, 1955)

LEMKO SONGS

(From "*My Songs*" — a selection of Ukrainian folksongs, published by
J. Dziobko, Winnipeg-Virden, 1958).

MY SONGS

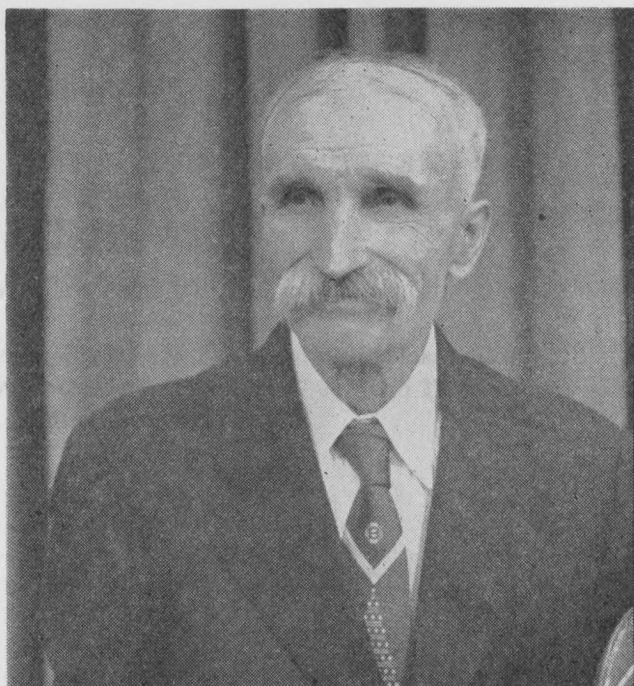
*My songs, what am I to do with you?
I shall go to the woods and sow you there.
Some day girls will come there to pick mushrooms
And they will find you, my songs.*

ALL MEN ARE WELL-OFF BUT NOT I

All men are well-off but not I because I am not
married;
All men sleep on pillows but I have to sleep on bare
boards;
All men cover themselves with quilts but I use sheaves;
All men are well-off but not I because they have wives
and a bachelor am I.

A FINE ONE YOU ARE!

A fine one you are, dark-eyed maiden!
I cried out to you to give me your hand.
I cried out to you from afar out in the field:
"Oh, dark-eyed maiden, when will you be mine?"
The girl did me the favour, giving me her hand.
I took hold of it and pulled the girl close to my heart.
"You may love me, my laddie, but keep it a secret.
At a dance party do not stand near by me,
Do not tempt me to have a drink,
Nor ask me to dance with you in vain."



J. Dziobko

ANNIE WAS TENDING PEACOCKS

Annie was tending peacocks in a green grove
When three handsome lads came and asked her:

“Come with us.”

“I cannot go with you, as I look after peacocks.”

“Take your peacocks up the creek and come with us.”

“I fear my mother would scold me, if I went with you.
She would thrash me, if I went with you.”

“Don’t be afraid of your mother, dear,

The peacocks will nibble grass while you play with us.”

A PINE-TREE WAS BLAZING

A maiden was sitting under a blazing pine-tree.
Lads pitied her when they saw sparks falling on her.

“Don’t pity me, but put out the fire, lads.”

To put out the blaze the lads brought water in their
scooped hands.

There is as much cheer in girls as there is of water
in one’s scooped hands.

Girls have as many whims as there are holes in a sieve.

It was a page-boy who set the pine-tree ablaze;

He was blowing at the fire to keep it blazing.

Where was my darling lad when the page-boy set
the pine ablaze?

He was caressing a girl by a hazel-bush.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HILLS AND WOODS

On the other side of hills and woods (2)

Sweet Mary was dancing with hussars.

Oh, let her dance, let her try her best, (2)

But certainly she will rue it.

Her father and mother say to her: (2)

“It’s time to sleep, Mary.” (2)

"Go home without me, (2)
I want to dance some more with the hussars. (2)
The hussars are so gallant, (2)
I want to dance with them until midnight. (2)
Then from the midnight until dawn (2)
I shall keep dancing with them, dear mother." (2)

BY THE LAKE

Near by the lake there grows a green pine-tree.
It seemed as if three birds talked in the tree.
No, they were not birds but three young men talking.
They argued who was going to win the girl.
One said she was his, the other said: "God knows."
The third one asked her: "Why are you so sad, honey?"
"I am sad because I am told to marry an old man.
You are so old and I am so young; ill-paired we are.
Why don't you marry some pretty widow?
You could live happily the rest of your days with
a widow."

WHOSE IS THAT FIELD?

Whose is that field just ploughed?
"That is my father's roughly-tilled field.
I have just scratched it here and there,
As my plough-beam was half-broken."
Do let me fix it up for you.
In time, son, you will till your land well.

THICKLY GROW MUSHROOMS

Thickly grow mushrooms beyond those hills.
So let's go with our baskets there.
We shall pick mushrooms without a rest,
Till our baskets can hold no more.

I CUT THESE FIR-TWIGS

I cut these fir-twigs for my sheep for the winter.
Now the sheep browse on the fir-tree twigs
And I wonder which one is fit for my daughter's
wedding.
With her bridesmaids my daughter sits at the table,
Brushing off tears from her cheeks with the peacock's
plumes.
Oh, your tears may roll down from morning until
night,
Yet you cannot recapture your yesterday's gaiety.

ON THE UPLAND

On the upland green
A girl sun-whitens her linen,
And she steals glances at her laddie's eyes,
Wondering if they are bluish-grey.
Ah, if such sweet eyes were on sale
At the market-place in the city,
The girls would buy such shining eyes
For their beloved laddies.

Such sweet eyes I would buy, too,
For my laddie dear.

Such eyes would light up his way
When he is coming back home.

Oh, I would buy him a ring, too,
A glittering, shiny ring —
A ring that would light up his path
As he walks to a dance party.

I would buy him, too, a handkerchief,
A handkerchief of pure silk,
To make the people say,
"What a wonderful girl he must have."

A RED ROSE

I prefer a red rose to other flowers,
And I prefer a young man to a widower,
For a widower would treat me harshly,
But a young man would kiss my cheeks.

As beautiful as a red rose was the girl
I dreamt of last night.
I don't know why I dreamt of her,
As she was not near by my side.

She was not near by my side ,
For she stopped loving me.
She found herself another lover,
A better-looking young man.

Coming from a hill down to the mill,
I was wondering who was kissing her then.
Ah, a young miller won her heart:
He bought her heart for an oatmeal cake...

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A red rose is our love;
I'll go away if you stop loving me;
I'll let my tresses hang down in mourning; (2)
In sorrow my days will pass by.

Where did you stay last night?
Why did you shun our house last night?
May God punish you, young man, (2)
For breaking your pledge.

You left me in loneliness,
Pining away in grief.
If you would return, dear, (2)
Happily would we live ever after.

A GOOD WIFE

A good wife is she
Who dutifully does
Take off her husband's shoes
When he wobbles in from an inn. . .

A good wife takes off his shoes
And gets him ready for bed.
"It's late, darling," she says,
"Now go to bed."

Ah, well she knows
That next morning he will be sober again,
He will be sober again
And all will be well again . . .

AS I WAS WALKING IN THE VILLAGE

As I was walking down a village alley,
Wondering sadly how to get used again to village life,
I reminded myself that I was still a soldier,
Just out of the army, and that I should get married
soon.

"Hey, my darling girl, open your window wide,
For here I stand, after three years of army life.
So you have faithfully waited for me,
As you wrote in your letters, dear?"

"Aye, my laddie, I have kept my word,
I have waited faithfully for your return.
Ah, what a wedding ours will be!
We shall dance to the tune of a gypsy band."

I WAS NOT ALONE

I was not alone when I tended my grazing horses.
My sweetheart lassie was there, too, by the creek.
What is it that splashes in your water, dear creek?
Just water, a fish or lassie Annie?"

I am not going to your barn-dance again,
For I have found myself a sweeter girl here.
She is fairer than my other girl,
And that's why I am not going to your barn-dance.

Farewell, all you sweet girls,
No more shall we crack nuts together at a party,
Nor shall we pluck together cherries from the trees,
Farewell, sweet girls, farewell!

No pleasure will I find again
In tempting other men's wives with naughty winks;
No pleasure will I find again
In chasing pretty women.

My eyes get moist, as I think
That I'll have to forget all girls but one.

O fiddler, play something dear to my heart,
A song which I heard as a small boy;
Play and remind me of my boyhood happy days
When simple pleasures brought me joy.

THE PEOPLE WONDER

The people wonder at what I did (2)
They wonder why I love dearly this lass. (2)
Ah, she is a pretty, pretty lass, (2)
She is pretty and gentle, this lass. (2)

'This fair, beloved lass (2)
Has given me this handkerchief for a souvenir. (2)
This handkerchief is the token of her love, (2)
And that is why she is so dear to my heart. (2)

THE SUN WAS SHINING BRIGHT

The sun was shining bright
When my girl tended her oxen in the meadow.
She tended her grazing oxen
And she called to me to come nearby.

"Take care of my oxen, dear," she said,
And I shall make a feather for your hat.
It will be ready next Sunday,
It will make you look smart, dear."

Next Sunday my dear young man did come
With another girl's feather in his hat.
Oh, I wish I knew who the other girl is;
Long would she remember me then!

WHY DIDN'T YOU COME?

Why didn't you come, dear,
When the moon was up high?
The sun was already up (2)
When you at last appeared.

Oh, he is gone,
He has taken grain to a mill.
Oh, how lonesome I was
When the sun went down.

Oh, he is gone,
Gone beyond the river.
Oh, if he were gone for good,
I would celebrate tonight...

Hail, my silvery goblet dear, (2)

Here, drink, my dear host! (2)

May you live yet many, many years! (2)

I am trotting so fast to the field
Where a girl is weeding her lot of wheat.
He weeded his lot near the woods
Until he caught up with the girl he knew

Until he caught up with the girl he knew.

Fox-like he crouched and then sprang forth
Towards the girl he wanted so much, so much.
Tightly did he embrace his prize, his prize,
And drank his cup of pleasure from her lips . . .

I'll marry you, lass, by and by."

"I love this kind of work so much,
I shall love it always, dear.
From now on I shall work always
Side by side with you, lassie, with you."

“I am a smart lass. The other night, at a hemp-
threshing party,
I held a mirror most of the time in front of me.
Aye, other people are through with their work,
But my three handfuls of hemp stalks are still
drying up.”

"Remember, dear girl, my pledge,
How we plighted our love together.
If you refuse to be mine,
Nobody else will have you, dear."

Once I had a girl, now she is gone.
She was snatched away from me by our young
lord.
I had other girls, but they were taken away from
me, too,
One by one, by my truest friends . . .

THERE ARE LADS IN OUR ALLEY

There are many lads in our alley, mother, (2)
But I fell in love with only two. (2)
While I was loving Pete and Dan (2)
Johnnie took hold of my heart. (2)

"I did the same thing, daughter dear;
I was a dutiful wife but I loved many young men, too.
I was in love with many young men,
And handsome young men followed me, too."

ONE, TWO, LET'S MARCH

One, two, one, two, let's, fellows, march,
Let's march like soldiers through the woods, over the
hills.

We are happy fellows, not afraid of work;
Wherever we go we hear a happy hum of life.

One, two, one, two, let's leisurely march,
Helping a fellow-farmer here and there,
Let's help those who need a helping hand
And let them join us in our merry march.

IN THE PINE WOODS

In the pine woods a raft floats on a river,
A girl sits on the raft, combing her tresses.
She combs her tresses and bitterly cries
Over her downtrodden maidenhood.

"As you know, dear girl, that I was a soldier gay,
You shouldn't have come to meet me here across the
river,

You shouldn't have listened to my sweet whisperings,
You should have listened to common sense.

You liked, dear girl, dancing, singing and playing
cards,

Regarding all such things as lots of fun."

"A devilish fun it was,

And now I must carry a baby under my heart.

Now all my girlish dresses are too small...

Dear God, where is my bridal wreath?

I must have lost it at the parties gay

And now I pine in loneliness."

I HAVE A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

I have a beautiful garden

Where pretty poppies bloom.

When the poppy just started to sprout

My dear laddie was here with me.

Day and night he was visiting me

And praising my blue eyes.

He liked my blushing cheeks,

In spite of my tiny size.

But during a German war

My young man was taken to fight, too,

With my young man sailed away my love;
My love is gone, is gone.

Day and night, tears run down my face
In memory of my lost young man.
"Oh, my darling laddie, where do you stay tonight?
Don't you hear my crying heart?"

"I am staying tonight
By the side of a pretty maid.
I may pay you a visit
At your wedding party."

"What fun do you find, my laddie,
Bringing to folly girls, one by one?
Hollow are the poppy-seed heads this year,
As hollow is your heart, my dear."

ONCE WE HAD OUR FIELD

Once we had our own land, until father sold it;
Once we had a yoke of our own oxen, until creditors
took them away.
Empty was our house when they got me married
young.
"Start farming now, dear son," they said.

Where could I get food for the start then?
A lumber dealer engaged me to make shingles.
On empty stomachs we started to work,
I, making the shingles, and my wife, piling them up.

A RURAL WEDDING

The sun shines brightly over the earth,
Showering his light over bushes, woods and hills.
On such a day a young rider rushes on his horse
To his dear girl, to his paradise.

Play, musicians, play!
Let's sing now of love and dance.
Oy du, du, du, du, du, du, du, dudu, (2)
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, lala. (2)

The church stands open for us,
The bridesmaids and best men are going in,
And the wedding guests are impatiently waiting
For the bride and the groom.

Play, musicians, play!
Let's sing now of love and dance.
Oy du, du, du, du, du, du, du, dudu, (2)
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, lala. (2)

FAIR AND PRETTY WAS I

Fair and pretty was I,
A happy girl was I,
Until I met my gay Bill,
A handsome young man,
A crafty son-of-a-gun.

Burning-hot was his love,
But he grew cold and fled,
Leaving me to sorrow and tears,
Unmarried but with a baby —
Such was my dear Bill.

Now I live alone with my baby boy,
Still singing now and then,
Though poorly we live,
For fair I still am
And a happy heart have I.

A THEOPHANY CAROL

Master of the house,
Listen well, my lord,
To good tidings of this evening,
Listen well, kind lord.

In the Jordan was baptized
God's Son by Saint John.
The Truth is of no human invention
But revealed by God.

Do not break the Ten Commandments:
They were given to us by God.
Keep still when you are angry
And you may enter Heaven with ease.

Cleanse us, poor sinners, God.
Of haughty thoughts and sinful deeds,
And bless with good health and happiness
The master of this house.

WHEN YOU COME TO THE TOP OF THE HILL

When you come to the top of the hill, young hunter,
You will meet there a beautiful young maiden
With a pair of bright, starry eyes,
And with a sweet, singing voice.

Hola, hola, ha, ha, haha, hola, la, (2)
She has bright, starry eyes
And a sweet, singing voice,
Hey-ho-la-la, hey-ho-la-la, hey-ho-la, hey-ho-la. (2)

Beware of that fair shepherd girl, young hunter,
Beware of her bewitching eyes,

Beware of her sweet voice,
Or else your heart will burn with love.

Hola, hola, ha, ha, haha, hola, la, (2)
She has bright, starry eyes
And a sweet, singing voice,
Hey-ho-la-la, hey-ho-la-la, hey-ho-la, hey-ho-la. (2)

WHERE THE FOAMING TATRAN SWIRLS

Where the foaming Tatran swirls
Over its stony bed
There lives a maiden whose name
The cossack-warrior keeps to himself. (2)

The girl is dipping her bucket
In a shaded spring well.
The very star of a girl she is,
The cossack's sweetheart lass. (2)

A glance from her bright eyes
Or a sweet smile of her lips
Would cheer you up
And make a cossack's heart beat fast. (2)

WERE I A CUCKOO-BIRD

Were I a cuckoo-bird I wouldn't fly
To the far-off woods but sit on this cranberry-bush.

I would fly to Putivil in the Carpathians
Where lives the man I love. I would say to him:

"Cuckoo-cuckoo, hello, Johnnie,
Hello, Johnnie, cuckoo-cuckoo!"

YON IN THE VALLEY

Yon in the valley two Catherines are reaping barley,
How fast the barley disappears under their
reaping-hooks! (2)

Over the hill leads the path to my enemy,
And this path in the vale leads to my dear lass. (2)

Come here with your lighted lantern, Mickey,
As my ill-wishers are watching all these paths. (2)

It is almost daybreak and still I tarry here,
Oh, is it you, my beloved man? (2)

HOW DID I OFFEND YOU?

How did I offend you,
My darling, my pretty lassie?

How did I spite you,
My darling, my pretty lassie?

"Remember, my beloved man:
Don't you wink at other lassies,
Don't you wink!"

THE BIRCH-TREE BY THE WATER

By the birch-tree, by the water, (2)
Cuckoo-like a maiden was singing (2)
For her beloved warrior-cossack: (2)
"Come, oh, do come to these woods, (2)
Here we shall sing together (2)
Of our faithful love. (2)
Sweet things we shall tell each other (2)

And dream of our future happiness. (2)
Merrily we shall live together (2)
In our wedded bliss, (2)
Thanking God for His blessings." (2)

IT'S TIME TO GO HOME

Alas, it's time to go home,
Else my husband may beat me, (2)
And there is no one to defend me,
Ah, it's high time to go home.

I am going home like a bee from the field
With a crowd of young men at my heels, (2)
Playing their cymbals, playing and playing.

“Dear husband, open the yard-gate for me,
Your sweet and merry wife, (2)
I am sure you will be glad to have me back.”

“Glad am I to have back my wine-lipped wife.
Now go to sleep, dear, and say your prayers, (2)
When you get up, make a new start in our life.”

These mosquitoes are a pest,
Perhaps I should crawl further into the straw, (2)
Then let them pester me . . .

AS I WAS GOING THROUGH THE FIELDS

As I was going through the fields, my cart fell apart.
Help me to pick up these wheels, darling girl, and
marry me.

Pick up these wheels now; later on I'll buy a cart
and a buggy.

Then we'll never walk but ride.

Though we both have but these eyes to gaze at each
other,
It is better to have eyes filled with love than yokes
of oxen.
However, I don't know what I'll do yet.
Perhaps I'll sell my acre of land and enlist in the army.

YONDER WHERE A CLIFF STANDS UP HIGH

- Yonder where a cliff stands up high,
Where a swift river flows,
2. There lives a dark-eyed maiden,
Oh, so lovely and spry.

- All our lasses are pretty,
With long tresses of hair,
2. With snow-white teeth, black brows,
And rosy-white cheeks.

When one of them glances at you,
Greeting you with a smile,
2. You start feeling happy,
And your heart start beating faster, too.

- In vain you plant your flowers, lassie,
They may not bloom at all.
2. In vain you plead with your father and mother
To let you marry me, a poor man.

- You are so young yet, lassie.
Dearly your father and mother love you,
2. You live in a beautiful home,
You have everything that you want.

- You have horses in the stable,
You may go for a ride when you wish,
2. You need not tire, walking,
Your shapely feet.

A STRANGE EVENT AT A WEDDING

A strange event took place at a wedding —
A brand new pot lost its bottom,
So there was nothing to eat or drink,
Nothing to drink or eat,
All, all was lost from the pot.

When the brand new pot lost its bottom
All, all was lost from it,
So all the guests were hungry there,
Oh, and how thirsty they were, too,
Without a drop of drink.

(Sung at a party of a stingy host.)

AM I A DOG, YOU SPURN ME SO?

Am I a dog, you spurn me so?
I know a girl, across the Danube,
Who is different,
So different from you.

I'll find myself another girl,
Dear to my heart,
And I'll marry her
And love her always.

Sleep flies away from me
As I think of my future wife.
Not too tall a one, with dark eyes,
Would suit me best.

As time flew by, I found myself a girl,
A sweet girl I found for myself,
Who promised me
To be my loving wife.

HEY, LISTEN, GIRLS

Hey, listen, girls,
If you are going to frolic on the grass,
Take me along,
I'll mow for you the best of the grass.

I'll mow it for you, honeys,
And pile it up high for you,
You could even take bundles of it home
For your mothers' cows.

You will have enough of it for the cows,
To make them give you milk
For your coffee and tea,
And plenty of milk to drink.

Drink, girls, milk
To make you strong and fair,
To make you lively, girls,
At your work at home.

It will keep you, girls,
Away from silly pranks;
It will make you work
And avoid heady drinks.

Heady drinks bring pain
When they make girls stoop to folly,
But this drink will keep you straight,
Sweet, home-loving girls.

A GRAY STONE OF PODILYA

There is a gray stone in Podilya, the Lowlands, hayaya.
Hayaya, a girl is sitting on it.
She is a rose-cheeked girl,
Sitting and making a wreath.

A handsome youth approaches her and asks:
"O maiden of the Lowlands, give me your wreath."
"I would give you my wreath,
If I were not afraid of you."
"Pretty maiden, do not be afraid of me,
You will make me a pretty wife."

BITTERLY COLD IT IS

Bitterly cold it is and snowflakes fly thick,
On such a night he brings a turkey for his lady love. (2)

"My lady love, my darling,
Will you come out and meet me here?" (2)

"Well, you may wait there, but not in the window's
light.
When I am free, I'll meet you, dear man." (2)

YOU, PHILANDERER

You, rich philanderer, pity me,
A maiden with no means.
Please, don't make love to me, (2)
As you may not like your choice by and by.

You are a man of the world
And you are upsetting my young heart.
You are just playing with my heart, (2)
So, please, do go away.

Please, go away, philanderer!
You just want to make me fall in love with you.
Then you would forget and leave me. (2)
You, young man, are fond of philandering.

A COSSACK GOING ACROSS THE DANUBE

Before a cossack went across the Danube he said:
"Farewell, my love!" and "Serve me well, my horse!"

Bitterly she cried and said:
"Have you no pity, leaving me thus, dear man?"

The cossack just whistled to his horse and said:
"Well, perhaps, some day I'll return yet."

"Wait, my darling cossack, pity my tears,
I am yours: how can you leave me thus?"

"Don't wring your hands, darling, don't cry,
But think of the day when I return home a war hero."

HE CAME FROM A HILL

Johnnie came down a hill at a gallop,
Longing to see his sweet Marina again.

Oh, she is glad to see him, too,
She has embroidered a handkerchief and given it
to him, too. (2)

When her father and mother found out what she had
done

They told their neighbours what their daughter had
done:

"Oh, she is glad to see him, too,
A handkerchief she has embroidered and given it
to him, too." (2)

She gave him a handkerchief and she gave him a ring
To make him remember her as his plighted lass.

"Oh, she is glad to see him, too,
A handkerchief she has embroidered and given it
to him, too." (2)

The people saw Johnnie galloping by again,
As he was carrying away his Marina and singing:
 “Oh, she was glad to see him, too,
 A handkerchief she has embroidered and given it
 to him, too.” (2)

Gaily whistling, he carries his Marina away,
Oh, so happy to have his girl close to his heart.
 “Oh, she was happy, looking at him, too,
 A handkerchief she has embroidered and given it
 to him, too.” (2)

AS I SAIL DOWN THE DANUBE

As I sail down the Danube, I think
That there are no finer songs than in our native land.
Oh, how grand is our native land
Where even children sing Kolomyika songs.
Though fast-moving are the Kolomyika tunes,
They are so sweet and dear to us.
Swan-like is the pretty maiden I love,
I need just to snuggle up for her kiss.
When we loved each other like two doves,
Envious people stirred up trouble; may they have no
 peace.
You, poor fellow, you have outgrown your coat,
No girl will like you in such seedy togs.
You may not shine for anybody else, dear moon,
But shine for the fellow I love when he walks home.
Shine, shine bright, dear moon and stars,
Above the house-yard of this pretty girl.
What is the matter with your cheeks, sweet maid?
They feel like my unshaven chin.

COSSACK BAYDA'S SPREE

Oh, cossack Bayda was on his spree, drinking honey
and gin (2)

For many, oh, many, many nights and days. (2)

"Oh, Bayda, my man, stop your carousal wild, (2)
And lead your cossacks to fight for freedom's
sake." (2)

So Bayda and his cossacks came fighting into
Turkey, (2)
Fighting to set free the cossacks taken as prisoners
of war. (2)

Said the infidel Sultan-khan to Bayda:
"Come over to my side, Bayda. I'll make you a great
lord. (2)

Marry my beautiful daughter, Bayda, (2)
She will make you a sweet and loving wife." (2)

"No. I cannot marry your daughter, Sultan, (2)
She is a Moslem, not of my faith. (2)

In Ukraine I'll find myself a wife, (2)
A gentle and fair maiden." (2)

HER BUCKWHEAT PANCAKES

Pan in hand, she went to borrow some flour
At her neighbour's for her buckwheat pancakes, and
sang:

"Don't look so pale, my buckwheat pancakes,
Don't spread so thin over the pan!"

She brought home the flour and made a batter,
But it began to rise up fast and spread over.
Don't look so pale, etc.

Before father brought home his bucket of water
She and her neighbour-friend made a dinner.

Don't look so pale, etc.

She got some water from her slop pail for the batter,
Still the pancakes were not done when the guests
arrived.

Don't look so pale, etc.

"You need no bowls, spoons, or salt, my guests,
For a very special dinner I have prepared for you."

Don't look so pale, etc.

Saying so, our dear mother was still sifting her flour
through a sieve.

Well, things will brighten up when father comes home
with our own flour.

Don't look so pale, etc.

AFTER A FARMER'S SOWING

After a farmer sowed barley in his field,
His sister said it was barley, but her brother said:
"Don't waste your words, I know it's buckwheat,
And buckwheat it must be, it must be."

After the barley sprouted up in the field,
His sister said it was barley, but her brother said:
"Don't waste your words, I know it's buckwheat,
And buckwheat it must be, it must be."

After all the field was covered up with barley stems,
His sister said it was barley, but her brother said:
"Don't waste your words, I know it's buckwheat,
And buckwheat it must be, it must be."

After the barley stems out in the field ripened up,
His sister said it was barley, but her brother said:

"Don't waste your words, I know it's buckwheat,
And buckwheat it must be, it must be."

After the barley out in the field was harvested,
His sister said it was barley, but her brother said:
"Don't waste your words, I know it's buckwheat,
And buckwheat it must be, it must be."

RISE UP, O MOON!

Rise up, O moon, big as a a miller's wheel,
And you, my beloved girl, come out tonight
And chat with me, my own.

"Oh, how I wish I could meet you, darling,
But there are people who malign our names,
Who want to keep us apart.

They want to keep us apart,
They bring us suffering,
They envy our wish to be one."

A SWARTHY YOUTH GOES BY

Here I walk down the road, a sun-burnt, swarthy
youth,
But, look, sweet maiden, how spry are my feet, (2)

How smart I am, with this lordly mien,
Only a big pile of money would tempt me to marry. (2)

"This is not just a crow here walking,
But I, a lively, dark-eyed maiden, with jet-black
tresses. (2)

I am spry, slender, and I have black eye-brows,
Ha, ha, you may even cry to get hold of such
a beauty." (2)

IT WAS A DARK NIGHT

It was a very dark night,
And I had still far to go, (2)
So I let my horse graze by the road,
And I lay down to sleep by a well. (2)

Good luck was still by me,
For a girl came by, (2)
Fetching home her cattle,
And she slapped me on my cheeks. (2)

"Hey, you, cossack, this is no time to sleep!
Soon the Turks will pounce on your horse. (2)
Saddle your horse and let him run fast,
That way, to your safety. (2)

Let not the Turks catch you,
You can still by-pass them, cossack." (2)

A CHUMAK-TRADER WALKED DOWN THE MARKET-PLACE

A chumak-trader walked down the market-place,
Bent on a drinking spree,

2. Until he sold for drinks his yoke of oxen and
wagon,
Until he lost even the harness and its straps,
Until he lost all that he had.

The chumak-trader woke next morning
And began to search all his pockets.

2. He turned inside out all his pockets,
But not a penny did he find there
For his next drink.

The chumak-trader took off his gray cap.
"Give me a quart, bar-maid, for this."

2. Not even a quart can I give you,
Unless you give us your coat
In exchange for drinks."

But when the chumak-trader took off his coat
And offered it in exchange for a bottle of drink,

2. The innkeeper's wife said:
"Pay at least half in cash for the bottle,
And continue your spree."

"Well, I'll go now to the city of Poltava,
And from there I'll go to Moldavia.

2. There I'll work seven more years
And buy myself again oxen and a wagon,
And again I'll become a chumak-trader."

HERE AM I WALKING THROUGH THE FIELDS

Here am I walking through the fields and meadows
To the place where my dear husband ploughs in hopes.

I am fetching him his lunch and a jug of water,
Hoping that he will ask me to sit down and chat.

He ate his lunch, he had his drink, and gloomily sat
down.

"Why do you sit there, why don't you plough or chat?"

"I sit here thinking that I have a bad-looking wife."

"Well, you didn't marry me in the dark,
You married me in broad daylight, with all our
relatives present.

My sisters and brothers were there and your friends,
And I was then young and fair as a lily.

True, I have changed since then and lost my beauty,
Through daily hard work and much sorrow.

You, charming girl, tell me, do, (2)
Who is really your father, who? (2)

Don't ask me, young fellow, to whose family
I belong, (2)
Since from today I'll belong to you. (2)

AS THE REAPERS WENT TO REAP

As the reapers went to reap their rye, (2)
They found they had left their sickles at home. (2)
Next time they left their lunch behind, (2)
Such famous reapers they are. (2)

"You will do well, you Serbian newcomer, (2)
To make me your wife." (2)
"How can I marry you, (2)
As you have a bad-tempered mother? (2)

You have a bad-tempered mother and an angry
dad, (2)

You are a lazy-bones yourself, (2)
A big loafer you are, (2)
You would be lazy even in love. (2)

I'll find myself a dark-eyed maiden, (2)
A girl fair and sweet, (2)
As for you, you are fit to be an old maid, (2)
And all by yourself you will stay." (2)

O WISTFUL MAIDEN

You are engaged to marry,
Then why are you so sad, maiden?
"I have no reason to be gay,
As I find in this wide world no true love."

"You are a charmer, sweet maiden,
You have bewitched my heart;
My very soul you have bewitched,
And that's why I cannot stop visiting you.

I am wasting my time visiting you;
A strange hold you have on me, strange girl.
Fickle is your heart,
You do not know whom you really love."

"Yes, I do know whom I love,
But I do not know who will marry me.
I have to look yet close and well
For one who would make me a happy wife."

I DO LOVE PETE

Oh, I do love Pete, but I am afraid to say so.

2. A sweet pest of a boy is Pete, with his downy
moustache and soft cheeks.

My mother told me not to fall in love with Pete,

2. But I forgot her warning when I fell in love
with Pete.

For my Pete I have prepared so many sweet things,

2. What a pity! Harry has come instead of Pete.

Mother guessed right that I lost my heart to Pete.

2. A sweet pest of a boy is Pete, with his downy
moustache and soft cheeks.

My mother gave me a drubbing for my love for
Pete,

Yet I would rather be drubbed than stop loving
Pete.

2. Hey, hey, ha, ha, ha, I am still so young!

MY HOPE IS GONE

My hope is gone, my heart is faint,
Tear-stained are my eyes.

2. Deep was my love for a girl,
But gone are the happy days of love.

If she but knew how deep was my love,
No doubt she would love me again.

2. She would love me like my mother did,
She would give me her heart.

Now she smiles at other young men,
Having forgotten me long ago.

2. I feel so forsaken:
Wasting in sorrow am I.

Here I sit in sorrow, looking through the window,
Still hoping to see her again.

2. I should die, if she does not return,
My hope is all gone.

I shall go for a walk out in the fields.
It may do me good, I suppose,

2. But I know I shall return home heavy-hearted,
Still pining for my love.

I'll ask a fortune-teller,
If my love will return yet to me,

2. We loved each other like two doves
And parted like two cloudlets of mist.

A GIRL IN THE PORCH

A girl was standing in the porch, winking at a
cossack:

"You may court me and love me, young fellow." (2)

"I can't court you and love you, darling,
Because your father and mother are
bad-tempered." (2)

"Well, I'll get some whiskey for my father,
And then you may court me, my darling man. (2)

My mother is dancing at a wedding,
So you may come and court me, my darling man." (2)

"Still I can't court you, young lady
Because you have nasty mice and a big shaggy
dog." (2)

"Ah, go and hang yourself, if you are afraid of mice!
But you had better come and court me, my dear
man." (2)

UP IN THE FIELD THE REAPERS ARE REAPING

Up in the field the reapers are reaping, (2)
And through the valley, by the hill,
The cossack-soldiers are marching.

At the head of them rides Doroshenko, (2)
Leading his Zaporozhian army
So gallantly.

Sahaydachny brings up the rear, (2)
He who has traded his wife for tobacco and a pipe,
Without thinking twice.

"Hey, come back here, Sahaydachny, (2)
Give me back my pipe and tobacco and take back your
wife,
You heedless one!"

"Well, we cossacks may not have wives, (2)
But a pipe and tobacco
Always come in handy."

IN THE CARPATHIANS

I would like to be in the Carpathians,

I would like to stay there and live.

2. The birds are singing there, and the deer leap,
And daily you can hear there someone playing his
flute.

In the Carpathians you could see a highlander

walking,

Hand in hand with a beautiful highland lass.

2. The birds are singing there, and the deer leap,
And daily you can hear there someone playing his
flute.

Herds of sheep are grazing in the Carpathians,

With boys and girls gambolling by.

2. The birds are singing there, and the deer leap,
And daily you can hear there someone playing his
flute.

ON HIS WAY TO THE WAR

On his way to the war

A soldier was bidding farewell to his girl:

2. "Farewell, my beloved girl,
I am leaving for a strange land!"

"Farewell, my laddie!

But do return soon.

2. I'll be waiting for you,
Gazing down the road."

"Gladly I'll return home soon,

Unless a bullet hits me

2. And I close my eyes for ever
In the strange land.

I may rest there for good,
While you wait here.

2. Never again could I leave that place,
Lying buried in a foreign land.

Farewell, my beloved girl!
Cheer up, my pretty lass, cheer up!

2. If I fail to return, darling,
You'll find yourself another lad."

IS THIS THE WELL WHERE I HAD A DRINK?

Is this the well where I had a drink?
Is this the girl whom I loved dearly?
What a pity, some other fellow is going to marry her
now.

It's not I who drink now, but the geese in the pond,
As I gaze now at the girl I loved once
Being led as a bride to a church.

The bridegroom holds her hand and the best man
holds her sleeve,
And I am the one whose heart bleeds
At the sight of this beautiful bride.

Grass-covered is the path leading to my girl's door;
Another fellow made love to my girl,
And now she is gone.

Gone is my girl, living with another man,
And I stand here lost in thought,
Thinking where I could find myself another girl.

I WOULD NOT CHANGE MY LOT

I would not change my place even with dukes, tra-la-la,
Not even with kings would I change place, tra-la-la,
As I hold this goblet, full of sparkling cheer
And this pretty maiden by my side.

Why shouldn't I be merry, why shouldn't I?
No one can be happy in this world
Without song, wine, and love,
Without song, wine, and love.

WHY DID THIS PARTING COME?

Why did this parting come?
Why did it part me from the man I loved best? (2)

Now that I am parted from the man I loved best
I feel as lonely as an orphan. (2)

Heaped high with flowers is the grave where he
lies;
My tears and pleadings cannot wake him up. (2)

I take my walks in the orchard where he used to
walk,
Picking up flowers which he loved best. (2)

If you could see me now, my darling,
You could hardly recognise this mere shadow of
me. (2)

You must be now in heavenly far regions;
In our way stands only this earthly grave. (2)

DON'T GO TO THE PARTIES, HARRY

- Don't go to the parties, Harry, at night,
As there go, too, girls with bewitching eyes,
2. A charming girl could bewitch you,
And you may die, Harry, of bewitchment, too.

- There is one dark-eyed maiden
Who has learned true charms from a witch,
2. She knows what each herb can do,
You may rue her love, Harry, you may rue.

- She dug up her love-potion herbs on Sunday
morning.
On Monday morning she carefully washed her
herbs,
2. Next morning she made a brew of her herbs,
Too strong it was, and by Wednesday morning
Harry was ill.

- By Thursday morning poor Harry was dead;
On Friday they buried him deep in the
churchyard.
2. On Saturday morning mother drubbed her
bewitching girl,
Saying: "Why did you give poisonous charms
to Harry?"

- "Harry was courting me, my mother,
He was talking to me of love,
2. But when he bought a pair of pretty slippers
He gave them to another girl, not me.

- Those pretty slippers
Fitted my rival's feet so well,
2. That I gave him something to make him love me
more,
Oh, much more, much more."

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE CUT DOWN THIS GREEN OAK

You shouldn't have cut down this green oak;
You shouldn't have married me still so very young.
Fair was I then, mother, as this cranberry-bush
in bloom,

You shouldn't have married me to a man I didn't
love.

2. If you could give me as a bride again, mother,
Perhaps I would be happy, if you could.

You shouldn't have cut down this young hazel-bush;
You shouldn't have married me when I was so
very young.

If you could give me, etc.

You shouldn't have cut down this green oak;
You shouldn't have married me when you saw me
in a stormy mood.

If you could give me, etc.

You shouldn't have cut down this young birch-tree;
You shouldn't have married me when I was
drunk with tears.

If you could give me, etc.

You shouldn't have cut down this little fir-tree;
You shouldn't have married me when I was so
very young.

If you could give me, etc.

BY THE GREEN BUSHES

By the green bushes, there by the green bushes,
A girl was walking behind an ox-drawn plough. (2)
When she got weary of her ploughing task
She asked a young cossack-fellow to play his
bandura. (2)

Is it at heaven's command,
That mine is such an unhappy lot?
All by myself I live;
Without a wife I waste my years.

Well, I'll wander from now on
Through gloomy woods and dales,
Hunting down animals
And eating what I kill.

A GIRL WAS WALKING

A girl was walking down a river-bank, (2)
Fetching home her drake. (2)

"Go home, go home, you tricky drake, (2)
For I have sold you to a rusty-haired salesman. (2)

For three score pennies have I sold this drake, (2)
Then for a score of pennies I have engaged a bagpipe
player. (2)

Merrily play for me, you bagpipe man, (2)
Let me forget all my worries, dear. (2)

Merrily play for me, you bagpipe man, (2)
With merry tunes cheer up my youthful heart. (2)

Play for me swift, merry dance tunes, too, (2)
And let me dance here in front of you. (2)

THUNDERING AND RUMBLING IT IS

Thundering and rumbling it is, and chilly is the rain,
"Oh, who will walk me home now, who."

Giddy with gin, a young gallant said:
"Keep dancing, fair lady, I'll take you home."

“Oh, don’t walk me home, fellow, please don’t,
Don’t make my angry husband drub me, don’t.

Keep away from me, fellow, for here he comes,
He may have a palsy stroke if he sees you with me.

Well, let him shake there in rage, let him shake,
For I still want to dance with you young fellows.

I want to dance, merrily prance,
For I am a happy girl, fellow, I like to dance.”

O BRIGHT, SHINING MOON

O bright, shining moon, don’t shine for any one else,
But just for my beloved young man on his way
home. (2)

Keep apart the clouds and always shine for him,
But when he is here with me hide yourself behind
a cloud. (2)

If you find no clouds, hide yourself behind a shed,
Give me a chance to chat here with my young man. (2)

“Bright, shining moon and you, twinkling stars,
Stand and shine above the house where my girl
lives.” (2)

WHEN THE PEA HARVEST ARRIVED

When the pea harvest arrived
An old man married a young girl.
When he went to plough the field
She went to amuse herself at the inn.

When the old man came back home after ploughing
His wife just came in from her dancing at the inn.

"Let me have my supper," said the old man.

"My man, you had better go to sleep," he was told
by his wife.

"Merciful God, why did I get married?
I have to toil while my wife amuses herself.
It is my lot just to work hard each day?
Will this marriage comedy never end?

I would like to know why it is
That my wife amuses herself from morning until
night.

Hard do I toil through God's long days,
Yet I must lie down to sleep hungry at night."

WHEN ON THE VILLAGE GREEN A LINDEN GREW UP

When on the village green a linden grew up
A young wife left her home.

"Well, old man, don't you worry much,
Next Sunday we'll fetch her back home."

"A long time it is until next Sunday.
Time will drag so slowly for me.
I'll feel pangs of jealousy in my loneliness,
Knowing that others amuse my wife.

Such is my sad lot, you know,
When my wife stays somewhere else.
Happy I cannot be,
Knowing that my wife has a good time with others."

OUT IN THE FIELD

Out in the field a fair reaper there was,

2. Reaping busily her rye
Since early morning.

After reaping long, she stopped for a rest,

2. And she saw a Ukrainian cossack riding by,
As he took off his cap, greeting her.

He took off his cap, greeting her,

2. "May God bless you, fair maiden,
As you reap your rye."

She kept reaping her rye and sang,

2. Calling the cossack in her song
Her own darling.

The cossack jumped down at her call;

2. Swiftly did his hand move with her sickle ;
He knew that she would thank him well.

MAY THE ROOSTER DIE OF BOREDOM

May the rooster die of boredom,

The one that wakes me up each morning!

2. The night was short
And I didn't have enough sleep.

Good Lord, make this night longer,

Make it longer for my blue eyes,

2. Make the night twice as long
For my fair young head.

Mother told me

Not to dance so long with young men,

2. But I let go by my mother's warning
And kept dancing on.

- Mother told me
To reap our field of rye,
2. But, as I sat down to rest,
I fell down asleep.

- I slept resting
In a little hollow,
2. For easier it was to sleep
Than to reap our rye.

- So mother told me next day:
"You may dance with young men
2. As much as you want, daughter.
Yes, you may dance."

FROM BEHIND A HILL A BREEZE BLOWS

From behind a high hill a breeze blows,
While a male-dove seeks for his lady-dove.

Oh, how sweet is the lady-dove he looks for,
Not a tiny thing but one with rosy cheeks and dark
eyes.

"You may fly away, you dove or eagle,
If you cannot enfold me with your wings.

If you have no kind words, no sympathy,
Sleepless I shall stay, and restless.

If you have something to say, say it sincerely, dear.
If you cannot talk so, then fade away from my sight.

If you fade away at twilight and I towards the
morning,
Still we could meet in one grave, dear."

FALCON-LIKE I WOULD FLY

Falcon-like I would fly to the place
Where my girl dips her bucket in the water.

3. Falcon-like I would fly there.

I caught up with her by the well
And pressed her close to my heart,

2. Feeling her fast-beating heart,
Her fast-beating heart.

There by the swift-rushing river
Stands my girl by her sorrow bent.

2. So worried is she,
Her sorrow rends my heart.

Don't worry, dear girl, don't worry,
I'll take you home with me.

2. Happily we shall live
Just two of us together.

WHERE A HAPPY FAMILY LIVES

Where a happy family lives there is peace and joy,
Lucky are such people and blessed is their home.
They have God's blessings and His gifts,
They are a happy family, indeed. (2)

Where there is no love and happiness,
That home is not blessed by God,
Misfortunes and need hound that home;
Divine aid cannot reach that home. (2)

WHEN WE SIT DOWN BY THE BAR

When we sit down by the bar, friends,
When we start drinking honeyed gin,
I'll forget my ill-wishers
And I'll sing this song.

Refrain:

We live in this world but once,
So let's drink of this good old cheer!
Drink or stay sober,
One day we'll die. (2)

When the old rattle-bones comes, friends,
When the dreaded mower, friends, comes,
I'll greet her: "Hello, old girl!
Old girl, let's have a drink."

Refrain:

We live in this world but once,
So let's drink of this good old cheer!
Drink or stay sober,
One day we'll die. (2)

The old rattle-bones still tarries afar,
Well she knows my high-hatting manners.
Ah, how I want yet to stay here awhile,
Toiling and living with my friends.

Refrain:

We live in this world but once,
So let's drink of this good old cheer!
Drink or stay sober,
One day we'll die. (2)

A COSSACK BRAVE KNEW NO LORDLY BOSSES

A cossack brave knew no lordly bosses in his native
prairies;
He flew back and forth like a bird, with his feet
always in stirrups.

If his feet ever got tired, he would rest with a bear
under the snow,
But at each battle call he would capture a hundred
Tartars.

"We have no guests here, but lots of enemies;
We always have to keep our sabres sharp.
Our 'hurrah' you could hear at sea and in the woods.
As we, who live in the wilderness, attack our foes.

We do not like to live long,
Our sabres couldn't stand our gray hairs.
We like to find our end early
In our fight for freedom."



MISCELLANEA

PROVERBS AND SAYINGS

When the children cry it is the mother's heart that aches.

The mother knew no real trouble until she got herself a baby.

Those who have no children do not know what a real heart-break is.

The matter of having enough bread and fresh drinking water is the foremost problem in the world.

If you have enough bread in your lunch-bag, you can serve yourself a meal even while sitting on a hill.

No matter what you have been, O dumplings! Though they made you suffer even the pains of being cooked in boiling water, still we ate you up . . .

When the autumn moves, even a spoonful of rain makes a panful of mud . . .

When the autumn comes, you get drenched like a wolf, soaked through like a fox, and chilled through like a dog.

(From *Mary N. F. Chlibowec'ka* of Vegreville, Alta.)

Even an animal has its individuality. (*McGregor, Man.*)

It is better to give than take. (*Sydney, Man.*)

Do not urge the girl to get married, if the would-be bridegroom is indifferent. (*Winnipeg, Man.*)

They have combined the void with the empty. (*Chipman, Alta.*)

It's a mixture of peas and cabbage. (*Moose Jaw, Sask.*)

He talks our language in the manner of a chicken nibbling the grass blades. (*Redcliff, Alta.*)

The weapon that he uses will bring about his own death. (*Sydney, Man.*)

The drowning man snatches even at a razor blade. (*Sydney, Man.*)

Somebody might get whacked, but you will get the main blow. (*Winnipeg, Man., from B. Protasevich.*)

Wherever he goes he talks loud. (*Winnipeg, Man.*)

If you fail to please only once, you are doomed. (*Winnipeg, Man.*)

It's something that you can neither leave at home, nor take with you (*Winnipeg*).

A stingy man has a double loss. (*Winnipeg*.)

A half-dozen beans for a dime. (*Winnipeg*).

Bygones are bygones. (*Winnipeg*)

If there is no water in March, there is no grass in May. (*Winnipeg*)

Even your tears won't help you, if you have no means. (*Winnipeg*)

They locked up the stable after the horses were stolen. (*Winnipeg*)

No matter how well you train an ox, he still behaves like an ox. (*Winnipeg*)

Every kind of animal likes its kind. (*Camp Mor-den, Man.*)

A neighbour has come over to a neighbour to get what belongs to him. (*Gimli, Man.*)

If your relative does not cry with you in sympathy, he at least may look sad. (*Dniester, Man.*)

A short life awaits him who doesn't like work. (*Dniester, Man.*)

One costs eighteen pennies and the other twenty minus two.

A beggar expected to get some honey, so he had to go to sleep without a supper.

We have nothing to do, except getting our Philip married.

If you do not want to have it cooked, do not put it in the pot. (N.N, 1955.)

●

The angels protect people from evil.
Self-praise doesn't earn you a shirt.
Say it briefly, but listen long.
A house should have a porch.
A farm expert runs this farm.
Live on friendly terms with all people.
Why, a turkey is a domestic fowl.
Of course, the Theophany holiday is in winter.
It's hoar-frost that settles down on trees in winter.

Naturally, the spines are a porcupine's weapon of defence.

It is better to be in the one's own house than in another's palace.

Be quick to get up in the morning and to learn in your youth.

Do well whatever you do, and people will certainly praise you.

It's natural for a bean plant to climb up the stick.

It's clay that the brick-maker uses for making bricks.

Don't do to others what you don't like done to you.

It's strong because it is a well-tanned leather.

(Recorded from *W. Golayewich* of Bankend, Sask., Dec. 1, 1954)

●

Your own mother sees to it that you have a clean shirt.

A wolf is always tempted to go back to the woods.

One has to be born gifted.

No sinner is admitted to Paradise.

You can wash your left hand with your right hand, but you have to wash your face with both hands.

A step-mother can never be as dear as one's own mother.

You have to praise a man on whose horse you ride.

Plead with your tears only when it's a matter of your happiness.

Don't hurry, but keep on riding, if you want to arrive at your destination.

Do not yield to a folly.

Do not try to wade the river, if you know not how deep it is.

Even a black cow gives white milk.

Don't let your shot go with the wind.

The drunkard keeps on saying O. K.

I shall have faith in you when the hair grows on my palm.

You have what you get.

The daughter takes after her mother.

You cannot milk a cow that has no calf.

What you do to your neighbours, God does to you.

You will avoid many troubles, if you obey your father and mother.

Being alike the father and his son ate on the sly a barrellful of cheese.

Aim well before you shoot.

(Recorded from *Ivan Pawliuk* of Parkerview, Sask., Dec. 28, 1954)



Sleeping will get you no horse and your long rests in bed will get you no clothes.

Even a crab is regarded as a fish, if there is no fish.

If you dig a pitfall for your neighbour, you may perish in it yourself.

(Recorded from *Olena Brenenstul*, Winnipeg, Man., Jan. 9, 1955)



God deigned to keep us poor, if only we could eke out a life.

He eats like an ox, but even a mosquito could beat him at work.

In summer even a duck could do good washing, but in winter even a grown-up girl snuffles more than works.

When the flour-mill grinds we get flour, but when the human tongue starts to grind, a lot of trouble descends.

Even two words are enough for a wise fellow.

If God deigns to punish you, the people will help Him.

You will be licked up, if you are too sweet, and spewed out, if you are too bitter.

Take a look at yourself in the mirror before you start praising yourself.

It is not too late to put on your best, if you have fine clothes.

What a housewife! She grew one pumpkin on her forty garden-plots.

Rust eats up iron, worry eats up your heart.

He started the trouble and keeps talking about it.

He talks as the damp wood burns.

Keeping good order brings in fast interest.

Even your enemies will like you, if you bridle your tongue.

Be polite to all, if you want to be highly respected.

He thinks aloud.

What you do not like, do not do to others.

(Recorded from *Nestor Rakovitsa* of Osgoode, Ont., Jan. 28, 1955)

THE MEMORY OF KARMELYUK WAS STILL ALIVE

You ask me if I ever heard of Karmelyuk, the famous highwayman. Yes, I have heard many stories about Karmelyuk. In my boyhood days there were still many old people in our village who remembered well those times when Karmelyuk and his band used to attack and rob the houses of the rich squires and landlords and sometimes shared their booty with the very poor people of the village. He lived not very far from our district, further to the east of our river Zbruch, somewhere near the city of Kamyanets of Podolya. He came with his band sometimes as far as our district. When I was born (in 1858) it was hardly thirty years since Karmelyuk's death. He was lured into an ambush and shot there to death, just like Dowbush, his famous forerunner.

(Narrated by *Thomas Ewach* of Garland, Man., who lived, until he came to Canada in 1908, in Pidpylypya — for many years as its mayor — by the river Zbruch, near the town of Skala. The main terrain of operations of Karmelyuk, a Ukrainian Robin Hood, was about fifty miles to the east.)

A SILLY PIG

Once there was a proud, conceited farmer who used to scold his farm hand, for the least mistake, saying: "You are a silly pig!" In time the farm hand got tired of being reprimanded thus. He said to the farmer: "Suppose I called you 'a silly pig', what would you do?"

"I would thrash you," said the farmer.

"Well, suppose I only thought that you are 'a silly

pig', without saying so, what would you do then?" asked the farm hand.

"You are free to think whatever you like," said the farmer.

"Well, sir, I am thinking right now that you are 'a silly pig' too," said the persistent farm hand.

FOR ALL SAINTS

A gentleman-like young man came to a tailor shop, with a roll of fine cloth under his arm, and ordered a suit of clothes made: "Make a suit of clothes for All Saints." (What he had in mind was All Saints Day.)

"All right," said the tailor.

When the man came again, in due time, to get his new suit of clothes, the tailor put in front of him a number of toy suits of clothes of various sizes.

The man was amazed and cried out: "Oh, for God..."

"This one is for God," cut in the tailor, "this — the largest one."

(Recorded from *Mrs. M. M. Bzova*, of Roycroft, Alta., February, 1955)

SAD AND GAY (LORD KANIOWSKI)

Once lord Kaniowski, on meeting beggars, put his hand on the shoulder of one of them and said: "Old man, if you will sing for me a song half merry and half sad, I will reward you with one hundred ducats."

After a moment of reflection, the beggar sang thus:

"Ah, poor me, poor me! munching this chunk of rye
bread,

But this cheese tastes good and that girl looks sweet."

The whimsical lord was satisfied and handed the promised reward to the sly beggar.

(Recorded from *Mary Virsta*, of Bellis, Alta., December 29, 1954)

HE WAS NOT FOOLED

(*Vin ne durení!*)

A man brought a roll of home-made cloth to a city to sell. He managed to sell the cloth, but spent the money on drinks, and came back home empty-handed. His wife asked him if he sold the cloth and what he got for it.

"Well, wifey," he answered, "if you only knew how many rolls of cloth were stolen today! One could hardly save his roll, as some rolls were simply snatched away."

"Well, did they manage also to steal your roll of cloth?" asked his wife.

"Well, they did not make a fool of me. I carried around my roll of cloth throughout the day."

"Then you sold it, didn't you?" asked his wife again.

"No, I didn't sell it," answered her husband, "but mind you, it was not stolen until it started to get dark..."

(Submitted by *Ol. Kobyljans'kyj* of Brandon, Man., May 8, 1955)

AN OVER-EDUCATED SON

A country youth studied long in a city. He came back to his father to spend his summer holidays. One day his father said: "Well, son, get hold of that rake. You have to help us rake up some hay."

"Well, dad, I have studied so much in the city school that I have forgotten most of the words that you use here. What is a rake?" the student asked while he was walking here and there in the farm-yard, with his nose up in the air and his hands folded behind his back. Right then, he stepped unknowingly on the edge of the upturned rake, and its handle flew up and hit the conceited student right on the forehead.

"The darned hay-rake!" cried out the student. "Who left it thrown down here?"

(From *Mary N. F. Chlibowec'ka* of Vegreville, Alta.)

THE MORE CLEVER ONE

(*Humour*)

Once three monks were going through a desert and lost their way. They were running short of food, having only a few dry slices of rye bread, a little salt and little of the blessed water left. While thus walking they found a goose egg. They set a fire, warmed themselves, and had the egg cooked. The oldest monk said: "The one who says the most clever thing should have the egg."

So the first monk said: "Egg, I am sprinkling you with the blessed water." The second one said: "Egg, I am putting on you some salt of wisdom." And the third one said: "Egg, you are already blessed and salted, so now enter the edifice of eternity." Saying thus, he picked up the egg and ate it.

(From *Mrs. M. Bzova* of Roycroft, Alta., April 25, 1955)

THE WAY HE FELT

(*Humour*)

Once, many years ago, a man got ill. Some people said that he was ill with "a chicken rash", others said it was "a beet rash", and still others said it was a case of "pig's T.B.". The man was taken to a hospital, where he had all kinds of visitors. Among them were some priests, ministers, and preachers, all with words of consolation. One Sunday night two young preachers of some new-fangled church paid him a visit and kept on deriding the Church to which he belonged.

They spoke at length against incense-burning and against the veneration of Christ's Mother, until they got hoarse. Then they stood up, one on each side of the patient's bed, and asked the patient: "Well, how do you feel now?" The patient glanced at both of them and said: "Christ might have felt the same way on the cross, between the two robbers."

The preachers were nonplussed by such an answer. In the meantime the patient added: "Try to keep your own sheep within your sheep-fold, without trying to bring in somebody else's sheep."

(Submitted by *Mrs. M. Bzova* of Roycroft, Alta., April 25, 1955)

EVEN THE DOCTOR COULDN'T HELP HIM

I was serving my term as a village mayor at the time when an epidemic of cholera broke out in our county. Once I told the physician, who was put in charge of our and the neighbouring villages, that a municipal secretary of the neighbouring village, who was an habitual drunkard, had been stricken down by the epidemic and died. The doctor said: "Perhaps, even I would have failed to save him, as his stomach and other inner organs were very weakened, as if burnt through with alcohol."

(Told by *Thomas Ewach* of Garland, Man., in 1947)

GOD TOOK AWAY THE MICE

I heard a story from the old people of our village, that for some reason or other so many mice appeared one summer in our village and around out in the fields that it was hard to take step without stepping on one of them. Most of the crop was destroyed out in the fields. The people got panicky, being afraid that all of their crops would be devoured by the mice and that they would have to face a famine. But late in the autumn there was a downpour of rain. It rained for three days without a stop. And, just as it stopped raining, it became freezing cold. The rain-water froze up in the mouse-holes. So all the mice out in the fields either got drowned or froze up in their holes.

(Told by *Thomas Ewach* of Garland, Man., in 1947)

ANECDOTES ABOUT THE HALF-DEAF PEOPLE

A woman enters the house of her next door neighbours and greets her neighbour's daughter, who is busily polishing up the stove: "Good morning, dear."

"Yes, the polish makes the dirt disappear," answers the busy girl.

"Where is your mother?"

"To polish — oh, it's no bother," answers the girl gaily.



A woman greets her neighbour's daughter, who is sorting some pears: "Good morning, Nancy."

"No, these pears are not very fancy," says the girl.

"No, the pears are not fancy," says the girl.

"Where is your ma?"

"This sort of pear likes our pa," answers the busy girl with a smile.

(Recorded from *Mary Yurkiv*, Flatbush, Alta., February 2, 1955)

ANECDOTES ABOUT GYPSIES

A priest asked a gypsy man who was kneeling and confessing his sins: "What other sins have you?"

"Once I stole a rope," said the gypsy.

"That's a mere trifle," said the priest, lost in thought.

"It wasn't a trifle, Father," said the gypsy, wanting more consideration. "An ox was tied to one end of the rope."

●

While kneeling and confessing his sins, the Gypsy man stole his confessor's pocket watch.

"Have you stolen anything lately?" asked the confessor. "Don't be afraid to tell me about it. My tongue would be cut off, if I told anybody your confessions."

"Well, I stole a pocket watch lately," said the gypsy.

"You must give it back," admonished the priest.

"Well, you may have it at once, Father."

"No, give it back to the man you stole from," counselled the confessor.

"But the man has refused to take it back," said the gypsy.

"In that case, you may keep it," advised the priest.

Later on, while the gypsy was still in the church, saying his penance prayers, the priest realized that it was his watch that the gypsy stole.

"Give me back my watch," the priest whispered to the gypsy.

The sly gypsy just stuck out his tongue, pointing to the priest's mouth, and made a sign as if he was cutting off his tongue...

(Recorded from *Mary Yurkiv*, Flatbush, Alta., February 2, 1955)

UKRAINIAN- CANADIAN PROVERBS

Adapted by a group of students of the English
Department, 1961.

An article by the author in 1961, *Ukrainian
Proverbs*.

If you are not a student of the English
Department, 1961.

I have tried to make the book as simple as
possible, but I have not been able to do so.

There is a "back" cover, but it is not very
good.

II

UKRAINIAN FOLKLORE ADAPTED TO OR CREATED IN CANADA

UKRAINIAN-CANADIAN PROVERBS

America is a sister, and Canada is the mother.
(*Kirkland Lake, Ont.*)

All are led to Canada by rosy promises. (*Winnipeg, Man.*)

If you stay too long in Winnipeg, poverty will beset you. (*Winnipeg, Man.*)

Like the beings of the wilds, people wander about in Manitoba, and in tatters they walk about in Alberta. (*Calgary, Alta.*)

A car is a "kara" (punishment). (*Roblin, Man.*)

AN INDIAN COMES TO THE RESCUE

Once four of us men went in search of homesteads at Rainier (in Alberta), and got lost in the woods. After eight days of wandering, we found an Indian. We told him through gestures that we were hungry. He brought us to his tent and roasted there for us some fish on a stone, without using any lard or salt.

We spoke with him in sign-language.

We paid him four dollars each for taking us back to the railway track. He charged us nothing for the food. One could catch fish merely by hitting it with a stick.

The Indian knew his way well. He brought us right to the railway track and pointed toward Rainier with his finger.

(Told by *Mr. H. Bodnar* of Redcliff, Alberta, August 28, 1953)

INDIAN TRAILS

Once when I was walking with an Indian I told him:

"Take me to such and such a place."

And the Indian answered:

"Yes, I can take you there, as there is an Indian road to that place."

I thought:

"Well, if there is a road, then I'll go."

When I set out with the Indian I saw one twig bent this way and another that way. Then I asked:

"Where is the road?"

"This is the road," he said. "There is no path, but this broken twig shows the way."

Sometimes they (Indians) pile up some stones for a marker. Where there was no broken twig there was a pile of stones. The sharp edge of the stone points out the way.

The Indians are far more sharp-sighted than we. An Indian notices things much better than we, the white people. I had been out with Indians many a time. I would be observing intensely. The Indian would say:

"A deer has just run by." Well, he did see it, but not I...

(Told by a man at Janow, Man.)

ADVENTURE IN THE WOODS

The father of a pioneer family in the district of Rembrandt, in northern Manitoba, left his home and went in search of work, leaving behind his wife and two children. The boy was about ten and the little girl about six. One evening the mother told them to go and fetch the cattle from the woods. The children set out, but, as they heard no cow-bell, they wandered in the woods without any success. It got dark, but they still found no cows. They got lost. The little girl could not walk any further. Fortunately her brother had a few matches in his pocket, and he collected some dry twigs and started a fire. They sat down by the fire and started to doze.

Suddenly they heard a crackling sound in the bushes. The little girl was scared and snuggled up to her brother. Then there came out a bear who looked at the children and the fire. He stood there for a while and then disappeared again in the bushes.

After a while they heard a crackling sound in the bushes again and again the bear appeared. But this time he carried in his fore-legs an armful of dry faggots. He came near the fire and threw all the faggots in the fire which was by then almost out. The big bear stood there for a few minutes, as if waiting to see if the fire would blaze up again, and then disappeared in the depths of the woods for good.

(Submitted by *M. Woroby*, Winnipeg, Aug. 4, 1954)

ON MEETING INDIANS

I was alone (on a farm) when some Indians came riding by. The men were walking by the horses. I locked myself in, shaking with fear like this in the house. They passed on by the house, but stopped in the shade for a rest further on on our farm, as it was summer, perhaps July. Then two of them started to walk towards me. I thought that it was of no use to keep the house locked, for if they wanted to kill me, they could unlock the house. They came near. And there I stood, with my five children, and I said:

"Children, perhaps we shall die, for there come two Indians."

The Indians had long hair. One of them stepped out forward and asked:

"Are you Ukrainian, Ruthenian?"

And I said: "Yes."

He spoke in my language. Then he pulled out from the bosom of his shirt a cross, hanging on a black ribbon, showed it to me and said:

"I am hungry."

Well, I could give him lots of things to eat, as I

had salted pork, and eggs, and all kinds of other things. But I was afraid to ask him to come in, though I had to do it. So one of them came in, leaving the one who kept silent outside. I gave him some bread, cheese, butter, and some uncooked eggs. He took all those things and went back to his people. I was looking through the window and saw that they set up a fire and began to cook eggs. Then I brought then a pailful of milk and some more bread. They ate their meal, rested for a while, and then set out again on their way to Ethelbert.

(Told by *Paraska Danyliuk* of Regina, Sask., May 28, 1953)

ORIGIN OF FLIN FLON

Once a gold prospector went far north, together with his wife and their child. Winter came, but he still kept prospecting for gold. His wife fell sick and died. So he used to leave his child in his shack, in care of a dog. Once, when he came back home, he found a bloody track on the floor and no child in sight, but only his dog, looking cheerfully at him and licking his chops. At this sight, the prospector thought that the dog had devoured the child, and in his anger shot at it. The wounded dog crawled under a bed. The prospector bent down to get the dog, and saw his child also under the bed, safe and sound. The mortally-wounded dog died. It was only then that the prospector realized that the bloody track had been made when the dog attacked a prowling timber wolf and killed him.

The man became very sad when he realized the truth, and decided at least to bury his dead dog in a decent manner. He dug a grave for the dog, six feet deep, and, while digging, he found a vein of gold. Soon afterward he became very rich. In remembrance of his dog he founded a hospital for sick and wounded

dogs. That hospital still exists, at Brandon. And around the place where he had his shack and where he buried his dog arose the town of Flin Flon.

(Told by *P. Surminsky* of Sydney, Man., October 12, 1954)

THE BEGINNING OF DAUPHIN

When we came to Dauphin — it was not what it is now — we found there only four buildings: the immigration house, the railway station house, one small hotel and one small store. This was Dauphin when we arrived there as immigrants. We were unable to get a homestead in the district, for the homesteads there were especially reserved for the French and German settlers from Ontario. So we settled at Sifton. It has been only six years since we moved from Sifton to Dauphin. We sold our place there and bought ourselves a new one here.

(Told by *M. Pototsky* of Dauphin, Man., May 21, 1953)

ORIGIN OF THE PLACE-NAME "BIRDS HILL"

(*A legend*)

In the beginning Guichimanitou created the heaven and the earth. The Red River flowed through here, to the north. Each year is used to overflow its banks. When the land was flooded the birds would seek the higher places which were still not flooded. There was only one very high hill in the Red River valley. So all the birds would flock thither during a flood and build their nests there.

As years went by the river floods kept on decreasing in number, but still the birds went to their nests on the hill on their return from the south each spring.

Here, in the valley, two Indian tribes, the Ojibways and the Crees, kept on fighting. Whenever the Indians were hungry they went hunting for the birds on the hill. They could also discover there whether the enemy was approaching, as, at the approach of a large number of men — of the enemy — the birds would start flying away in all directions.

That is why the hill was called "Birds Hill".

(Told by *Miss Emily Arabska* of Winnipeg, Man., February 9, 1955)

ORIGIN OF THE NAME "ASSINIBOINE" IN MANITOBA

The white people gave this name to one of our rivers in memory of the Assiniboine Indians who used to come over from the present United States and camp by the river. Those Indians were known as "the ones who cook by means of stones" because they used to throw very highly heated stones into the water in their cooking pots to make it boil. In their language the word "assini" means "a stone", and the word "boine" means "the ones who cook".

(Told by *Miss E. Samila* of Winnipeg, Man., February 2, 1955)

THE PLACE-NAME "HAYES"

It is said that the place-name Hayes in Saskatchewan had its origin in the special calls the local farmers used when they wanted their harnessed oxen to turn left or right, saying: "Haysa!" or "Hoysa!" (In English, "Ha!"). As the Ukrainian settlers kept calling out to their oxen "haysa" and "hoysa", their English neighbours learned those two words and used to call the Ukrainian ploughmen by that name. Thus in

time the whole district acquired the name of "Hayes", for so it was pronounced by the English-speaking farmers. Such is the story.

(Told by *Mr. P. Swarych* of Vegreville, Alta., 1954)

THE PLACE-NAME "MOOSE-JAW"

Once, when the pioneer farmers were travelling in a "Red River cart," one of the wheels broke down and they could not move on. They got hold of a moose jaw and managed to repair the broken wheel with it.

So they called the place Moose Jaw.

(Told by *Mr. A. Wasley* of Moose Jaw, Sask., August 30, 1953)

ORIGIN OF THE NAME "KUROKI"

Now I want to tell you about Kuroki. The name "Kuroki" is, perhaps, a name of an Indian tribe, as there is an Indian reserve nearby. The name of the nearby town of Wadena could be of similar origin, too.

(Told by *Mr. K. Batiuk* of Kuroki, Sask., August 14, 1953)

ORIGIN OF THE PLACE-NAME "PIAPOT"

The little town of Piapot lies between Swift Current and Medicine Hat. When the C.P. Railway was being constructed through the region the local Indians did not like the idea of the white man's advance to take away their lands. The Indians came to the place, now called Piapot, under their chief, Piapot. The chief set up his tent there and intended to stop the white intruders.

There was a lot of trouble there with the Indians. A big fight took place. However, the railway was built through the place, and the new railway town was named in memory of Chief Piapot.

(Told by *Mr. A. Wasley* of Moose Jaw, Sask., August 30, 1953)

ORIGIN OF THE NAME "QU'APPELLE RIVER"

It is said that this took place during the French period in Canada. A young French trader was hurrying in his boat to the place where lived his betrothed, as he had not see her for over six months and the wedding was to take place in two days.

He kept on rowing, lost in thought. All of a sudden he heard someone calling him. It was a girl's voice. So he looked around and began to call back:

"Qu'appelle? Qu'appelle?" which means (in French) "Who calls? Who calls?" But there were no more calls. They say when he came to his betrothed's home he met a funeral procession. The night before, at the time when he heard someone calling him, it was his girl calling him in high fever. Thereupon she died.

That is why the river was called Qu'appelle.

(Told by *Miss E. C. Kyryliuk* of Winnipeg, Man., February 2, 1955)

THE DISTRICT AND SCHOOL "UKRAINA" IN MANITOBA

Eight miles north of Sifton there is the little town of Ukraina. It has two general stores, a school, a post office, a community hall, and a church. The people of the district are farmers. As the soil is rather poor, the people are interested mostly in mixed farming; that is, they also have cows, poultry, and pigs. You can

reach the town by car if there has been no heavy rain for a while, but you can reach it on any day by thain.

All the people of the district are of Ukrainian origin. They still do a lot a visting and carol singing during the Christmas holidays, just as people do in the Old Country. Four miles west of Sifton there is a school called "Ukraina School". It is a "country school", as it is quite a distance from the town.

The people of the district can hardly be called "old timers", as some of them still have their Old Country clothes and still put them on on some special occasions. They still retain many of their Old Country customs. They still dance at times such Old Country dances as the kozak, the kolomyika, and the holub. Out of respect for the Old Country they have named their town and the school "Ukraina".

(Story by *Stepan Heshchuk* of Winnipeg, May 3, 1954)

On May 6, 1897, we lodged for the night in the woods, some ten miles north of Sifton. We deliberated then what name would best suit this new district and the future settlement. To the several suggestions Mr. Bodrug added his — to call it "Ukraina". George Syrotiuk seconded Mr. Bodrug's suggestion. So all of us then agreed to call the new district "Ukraina". Paul Wood wrote our "resolution" down in his note-book and promised to write about it to the immigration office in Ottawa. Later, two of our settlers, Wasyl Standryk and Dmytro Riwniak, sent a petition on this matter to the proper authorities. So, when, in 1898, the C. N. Railway reached that new district, the new railway town was officially named "Ukraina".

(Story by *Dmytro Romanchych* of Keld, Man., 1949)

THE ORIGIN OF THE SCHOOL NAME "UKRAINA" IN SASKATCHEWAN

When the school was being organized it was named "Etherofield" by the school secretary, Paul Baschell, of German origin. He named the school without asking anybody else in the district whether they liked the name or not. But the people noticed immediately that the school, in a purely Ukrainian district, was given a German name. So at the first meeting of the school trustees it was moved and seconded to have the name changed to "Ukraina". Soon thereafter such a change took place. Our petition was sent to Regina and our wish was approved there.

(Recorded from *N. Mihaychuk* of Gorlitz, Sask., Febr. 18, 1955)

ORIGIN OF THE SETTLEMENT "KRASNE" IN SASKATCHEWAN

Krasne lies between Wynyard and Punichy. In the district there were woods and a lake at the time we settled there out on the homesteads. As it was far to any town from there, a few of us settlers decided to try to get a post office somewhere nearby. The postal department accepted our application. Then we had to find a suitable man for the position of postmaster, a suitable house for the post office, and a name for the post office.

We decided all these matters at a meeting on November 10, 1912, held in the house of Ivan Karmazyn. Mr. Karmazyn agreed to be our postmaster and the post office was to be located in his house, as he had a boy who had passed four grades of the public school and could fill out the postal forms. And since Mr. Karmazyn had come to Canada from a village by the name of Krasne, in the district of Skalat, West

Ukraine, our meeting decided to call our post office and the district "Krasne". The twelve-year-old boy sent our resolution to the postal department, where the proposed name of "Krasne" was approved. So by the spring of 1913 we had our own post office nearby, with a Ukrainian name.

The new post office served the farmers of our district for over twenty years, until they cleared off the woods, made good roads, and began to use horses and cars. Thus it became easy to get to the nearby towns, especially to Wishart, through which went the C. P. Railway. By then it did not pay to maintain our post office, as most of the farmers of the district went to the post offices in the nearby towns while on business there. So our post office of Krasne was abolished then, but our district still bears that name and as such it is still marked on the maps.

(Told by *Ivan Bilinsky* of Punichy, Sask., February 26, 1950)

ORIGIN OF THE NAME "RUTHENIA" IN MANITOBA

The origin of the name "Ruthenia" is similar to other place-names in this province such as, for instance, Lviv, Kiev, Zoria and Petlura. Our first Canadian pioneers who came here from some districts of Ukraine, though they were all of Ukrainian origin, still called themselves by the old ethnic name of Ruthenians. That is the reason why one of the schools in Manitoba was named by them "Ruthenia". When, later on, a post office was established there it was called "Ruthenia", too, and the whole district around was known as Ruthenia.

Those first Ukrainian settlers who came here from the Ukraine and who still were accustomed to call themselves Ruthenians should not be mistakenly regarded as Russians (Muscovites) or Poles, for they

were not. They were real Ukrainians, as I have remarked before, but they still used their old racial name which is not used any more.

(Told by *Mr. H. Boychuk* of Rossburn, Man., May 19, 1953)

ORIGIN OF THE PLACE NAME "SHANDRO" IN ALBERTA

"Shandro" was the surname of a very numerous family, and hence the place where it settled became known as Shandro. The eldest son, A. S. Shandro, in time became, as they say, our member of the legislature (MLA). He remained in the legislature for about twenty years. He often went among the people, so all of us knew him. He was a real pioneer, from the same country that we came from. We all knew the Shandro post office. I think it was called thus because the Shandros were a large family.

(Told by *Mr. I. Pawliuk* of Calgary, Alta., August 30, 1953)

ORIGIN OF THE SCHOOL NAME "RADYMNO" IN ALBERTA

At the time, Mr. Fletcher, an Englishman, was the school organizer in Alberta. He arranged a meeting in our district at which three school trustees were elected. Thereupon we named our school district "Radymno", which was the name of a neighbouring town in the district of Yaroslav, in West Ukraine, where we came from. Our school district was organized in 1912, in 1913 we built our school house, and in 1914 the school was open. Our first teacher was Mr. M. Luchkovich who later on became the first Federal MP of Ukrainian origin in Canada.

(Told by *Mr. H. Koziak* of Edmonton, Alta., December 24, 1949)

UKRAINIAN TOPONYMIC FOLK ETYMOLOGIES

Some Canadian names of places, rivers, creeks, lakes, and so forth had a somewhat familiar sound to the first Ukrainian settlers in Canada, and so the new settlers began to pronounce such place-names in their own peculiar way. One still may hear such "Ukrainized" place-names in some districts. Here we give a few examples:

Clear Lake, Man. — Krilyk (a rabbit).

Crooked Lake, Sask. — Kurkulyk.

Emerson, Man. — Merzon.

Round Lake, Man. — Ravlyk (a snail).

Stuartburn, Man. — Shtombury.

Assiniboine, Sask. and Man. — Svy-noboy or Svy-noboynya (a pig's slaughter-house, packing house).

Beausejour, Man. — Bozhi Dziury (God's holes).

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. — Susysmaria.

Winnipeg, Man. — Vinnipok, do Vinnipku (to Winnipeg).

Fort Rouge (part of Winnipeg, Man.) — Futruzh.

Sainte Agathe, Man. — Syndygat.

Lac du Bonnet, Man. — Leydybony, v Leydybo-nakh (at Lac du Bonnet).

Fort William, Ont. — Fortvilia, v Fortviliyi (in Fort William).

Thick Bush, Alta. — Dykiy Bush (Wild Bush).

Saltcoats, Sask. — Solkivtsi.

Selkirk, Man. — Selkryk.

Gimli, Man. — Gimlya, or Shlandry ("Ice-landers").

Cook's Creek, Man. — Kustryk, z Kustryka (from Cook's Creek).

Egg Lake, Alta. — Iglyky, do Iglykiv (to Egg Lake).

Regina, Sask. — Vrodzayna or Vrozhayna (the fertile one).

Rapid City, Man. — Rapysuta.

UKRAINIAN CHRISTMAS IN CANADA

At twilight, on Christmas Eve, father used to bring into the house a huge bundle of hay, to be spread all over the floor, in memory of the hay that Christ was born on. As we fasted during the day, we were hungry, but we were not allowed to eat until the appearance of the first star in the sky. Then we sat down at the table and said our grace. According to the age-old custom, we would start our Christmas Eve supper by eating some of the boiled and sweetened wheat grains. Father would dip his spoon in the boiled wheat grains and throw a spoonful of it up in the form of a cross. That was for good luck, to have a good crop of wheat next summer. Twelve Christmas dishes were served us, such as: cabbage rolls (holub-tsi), beet-soup (borshch), stuffed dumplings (pyrohy or varenyky), poppy-seed cookies, and such other dishes.

After the Christmas Eve supper we would sing Christmas carols, starting with:

God Everlasting is born,
He has come down from Heaven
To save all humanity
And to gladden it.

"Glory to God!" let us sing,
Let us honour God's Son,
And to our Lord
Let us bow.

(Recorded from *Mrs. A. Boychuk*, Rossburn, Man., May 18, 1953)

CHRISTMAS CAROLLERS AT VITA, MAN.

It was a custom with us at Vita, Manitoba, to have our carollers at Christmas time go from house to house and sing Christmas carols in front of the main

window, to the accompaniment of cymbal and violin music. Then the carollers were invited in by the host. They would come again at night to greet the New Year. They used to sing in front of our main window, saying:

Let us in, please,
For tip-tapping dancing:
Here it is too cold
For our dancing.

Then my parents would let them in. They had among them a cymbal-player and a violinist. The guests would dance and tip-tap in front of us, three girls. We stood in front of the dancers, holding some coins in our hand. The young men tip-tapped and sang:

Here I do tip-tapping
In front of this beauty
Who will reward me
With gold coin.

In answer the girl would sing:

I have the coin
But you shall not get it
Until you dance here
Low on your haunches.

As the girl sang, she would drop her coins in the upturned hat held by the dancer. Then the dancers would invite all the girls to dance and general dancing would start.

(Recorded from *Mrs. A. Mandziy*, Calgary, Alta., June 2, 1953)

EASTER IN CANADA

On Easter morning we used to go to church to have our Easter food blessed. On coming home, we had our Easter meal. Then the young people would play Easter

games on the common green by the church, singing spring songs. We girls would stand in a circle, holding hands, and sing:

By the priest's willows
Wild deer were frisking,
Up and down, up and down,
Among the bushes of roses and cranberries.

We sang this running around the church. Then we would sing:

Along the willowy board
Sweet Nellie is walking back and forth,
Carrying water in a sieve
To put out the fire in the grove.

Later we would sing about the winding cucumbers, thus:

Big cucumbers, keep on winding, keep on winding,
And you, lasses, all get married.

(Recorded from *Mrs. A. Mandziy*, Calgary, Alta., June 2, 1953)

THINKING OF BUKOVINA IN CANADA

(Bukovina — a province of Ukraine)

My native Bukovina, my beloved land,
Whenever I, a poor orphan, think of you
Tears run down my face here, in this strange land,
Where I am withering up like a leaf in the sun.

Here I do not hear my mother tongue,
Here I find none of my kith and kin,

I have here no father, nor family, nor my own
house.

O God, it is hard to live in a strange land.

(This is a well-known Ukrainian verse, by S. Vorobkevych, passing around as a folk song.)

(Recorded from Mrs. A. Mandziy of Vancouver, B.C., 1954)

A SONG IN CANADA RE-ECHOES

O my Ukrainian song,
You sweeten my days,
For I learned you
From my dear mother.

O my mother from Ukraina,
Living here, in Canada,
Keep on teaching your children
To sing your native songs.

Gratefully they will remember you,
Just as I remember mine,
Though my mother for many years
Has been lying in the grave.

My mother rests in the grave
Of her native land,
But her songs still re-echo
From my own lips.

(Recorded from M. Koshman, Vegreville, Alta., 1953)

A LETTER FROM WINNIPEG

From Winnipeg my dear boy friend wrote a letter to
me.

"Do me justice, dearest girl, wait till I come to you."
Then I wrote him: "How much longer should I wait,
dear?"

Our baby Justicia can already walk ..."

O MY DEAR WIFE

(A versified letter to his wife in the Old Country)

O my dear wife, what was there to do?
I wanted to go to Canada and leave you behind,
To leave you in the Old Country and go alone to
Canada,
To earn there some money and return.
For a half-year I kept thinking of my decision.
At last I was getting ready for my trip.
When I was ready and about to leave
All our relatives came to our home to bid me goodbye.
I said goodbye to all and took my place in the wagon.
You were by me, dear, and both of us started to cry.
Tears were rolling down your face, dear; others
cried too;
I was sad to leave you and our children behind, going
far away.
When I left our village behind I bowed and said:
"Forgive me, my kinsmen, if I was at odds with some
of you.
Farewell, dear kinsmen, farewell dear church, O Holy
Mother!
God alone knows, if I return to lay down my bones
here."
When I came to our city of Chernivtsi to buy my
ticket,
I was so sad I almost came back home from there.
"No matter what happens, out of sheer shame I am
not going back.
Let God's will be done," I thought in my grief.
Then the travel agents began to console me,
With my money in their pockets, while taking us to
a ship.
Oh many a day and night our ship sailed on,
With nothing around us but the boundless sea and
our sorrow.

On either hand I could see no shore, so wide it is,
And, I suppose, nobody knows yet how deep is the sea.
It was two o'clock in the afternoon when we landed
in Canada.

Later an agent told us to get off our train in a valley,
There were many people, walking gypsy-like, in the
wooded valley.

Each group lay down by a fire for the night.

Next morning we got up, with tear-stained faces,
Thinking that here was to be our end . . .

By and by I met some of those who wrote to me from
Canada.

With their sun-burnt faces, they looked to me like
gypsies.

These farmers, living in the woods, are getting on well.
They go far in search of work, leaving their wives
in the woods.

Each of them puts a chunk of bread in his bag
And then starts wandering through the woods and
wilderness, looking for a job.

When they run short of food, while in search of work,
They kneel down and feed themselves on all kinds of
berries.

At last he lands a job and starts working,
Shovelling gravel into his wheel-barrow and lugging
it away.

I have landed such a job, too, lugging away stones
and gravel.

(O Lord, will I ever see you and the Old Country
again?)

I sleep, too, in these shady, sombre woods,
Thus I lord it over here, my dear.

But don't you worry, my beloved wife, over my
worries:

I still sometimes sing a little and even smile now and
then.

Sometimes I run short of paper, dear, and do not write
more often to you:

Sometimes I get lost in the woods while going to the
post office.

Oh, I wish the woods would stop murmuring.

Their sad murmurings make my heart more sad.

I am so alone here, like a lonely plant forgotten by a
harvester.

No one is here who would cheer me up or console.

I have no brother, sister, or father here.

Like a lost sheep I wander back and forth through
Canada.

To the call of a lost sheep other sheep reply by and
by,

But a mountain echo answers the mournful call of a
lonely man.

(Recorded in 1953 by *Mrs. A. Mandziy* of Rainy River, Ontario)

GETTING READY TO BUILD A HOUSE

We rested for a few days after our trip from Edmonton which had been made by sleigh in about 60 degrees below zero weather and which had lasted two nights and a day, and after passing a night in the woods between two fires, I set out with my dad four miles into the woods from the place where we intended to settle, to cut down some trees for the building of our house. As it was too hard to tramp the distance each day through deep snow, we used to take with us enough food for a whole week and pass our nights in the woods. We came home only for Sundays. For days we kept cutting down trees and carrying logs on our shoulders, the larger end of the log resting on Dad's shoulder and the smaller on mine. We slept between two fires on blankets spread on the snow. We took care of the fires by turns: when dad slept I kept the fire from dying out and from spreading, and when Dad had had some sleep I would lie down to sleep, leaving him on guard.

Thus we were cutting down trees for three weeks, carrying the logs together on our shoulders through the deep snow in the woods. When at last we thought that we had enough logs for a house and a stable, hoping that some day we would possess horses and at least a small cow, we gave a big sigh of relief. And Mother said on the occasion: "Thanks to our Lord." We were exceedingly glad at the thought that we were going to have house of our own.

Next day Dad began asking people if anyone who had his own horses or oxen would care to help us to bring the logs to our farm from the woods. But, when he at last found such a man and we went into the woods for the logs we found just the imprints of our logs in the snow... The logs had disappeared like a piece of camphor. So we had to cut some more logs.

(Told by *T. Tomashewsky* of Edmonton, Alta., 1951)

A NIGHT'S LODGING IN A POPLAR TREE

(*A reminiscence*)

I came to Canada in April, with brotherly feelings towards my employer, a farmer of Ukrainian origin. Next day he told me: "You may work off at least your board by helping me to clear off some bushes from the ground."

I worked for a while at full speed, but made no headway.

My employer came out, took a look at my lack of experience, and grumblingly said: "Let me have your pick-axe. I'll show you how to clear off the bushes."

He let his pick-axe go down with full force. The still-frozen earth flew up with force, in little lumps, striking the eyes of the farmer. He couldn't see, so I gave him one end of my handkerchief to hold, took hold of the other end, and thus I led him to his home.

There his wife washed out the dirt from his eyes. That was the end of my bush-clearing job.

As luck would have it, at that moment a man came to the farm-yard, fastened his horse, came in, and took a look around. Then the farmer's wife said, pointing at me: "He was a house-builder in the Old Country. But we have no money yet for the construction of our house."

Then the stranger asked me: "Do you know what a carpenter's level is?" I answered: "Yes, I do know." He asked me again: "Do you know what a carpenter's square is?" And I answered: "No, I don't." Then he explained to me what the English word "square" meant in Ukrainian. I said that I knew what a "square" was. So he said: "I came here to offer you work, at two dollars a day."

Oh, Lord! How glad I was! At that rate I would make fifty dollars per month! Then we set out for his place. While we were going through four miles of woods and sharp turns he told me what kind of wild animals there used to be here, saying that there were still some wolves, wild cats, wild pigs (sic!), bears, and even moose, as big as domestic oxen.

We soon reached his land. I worked at his place until Saturday. After supper, while it was still daylight, I decided to go back to my former employer to fetch my razor. After I had covered about two miles of my way, a dark cloud overspread the sky and made it so dark that I could hardly see my own nose. Furthermore, there was a loud crackling sound in front of me, as if somebody was breaking twigs. I thought that it was either a bear or a moose. So I quickly climbed up a poplar-tree and fastened myself with my belt to a branch, to be on the safe side. Then it began to thunder, with lightning flashing through the sky. I made the sign of the cross and began to pray, asking God to keep away the lightning from the poplar-tree where I was. Then it rained heavily, soaking me and

chilling me through. When the clouds passed by it was already dawning. Then I found out that I had been scared by horses.

(Told by *Wasyl Golayewich* of Bankend, Sask., November 30, 1954)

A SNAKE ABOVE OUR HEADS

Finally our shack at Hudson Bay was ready for use. The chinks between the logs were more or less filled up with clay. So we lay down there to sleep. We were hardly down when my brother cried out: "Daddy, Daddy, look! There is a snake above us!"

"Be quiet, be quiet, children!" said father, getting ready to sleep.

So the snake coiled up and passed the night above us, behind the chimney.

Thanks to God, no harm came to us.

(Told by *Mrs. Anna Zhybchyn* of Yorkton, Sask., August 23, 1953)

FOLK MEDICINE

It is fifty-six years since we came to Canada. At first we stayed in one place at Sifton. Then we set out again: Dad, Mother, my sister and I. We were walking on foot to Mink Creek. On our way, my sister stepped on a nail and it went right into her foot. We walked down the road. It was raining hard and there was so much water that it came up to our knees as we waded through it. My sister's foot got so badly swollen that we almost carried her, supporting her with our hands. We walked twenty miles before we reached the place of the man whom we set out to see. There my sister could not sleep at all for two nights. Then the owner of the place advised us what

to do. He told us to put some coal oil in warm water and to let my sister soak her foot in the solution. She kept soaking her foot for a day and night. By then the pains had stopped in her foot and she felt much better.

(Told by *Mrs. Kryworuchka* of Roblin, Man., May 18, 1953)

MY NARROW ESCAPE

(*A pioneer's story*)

This happened a long time ago, in a certain district in Canada, at the time when we were building a church on a high hill in the woods, as there was not much cleared land yet.

When we were building up the cupola, we could see far away above the woods, fields, and houses. So once I decided to take a short-cut from the church to the house of the farmer where I lodged, as it took me twice as far to walk down the road. But I had no success. I came by and by into an open field. Then I knew that I had become lost. I found there a stack of sheaves and a pitch-fork. By means of the pitch-fork I climbed up to the top of the stack, and pushed some sheaves to the side, thus making a bed for myself. So there I fell asleep, still holding the pitch-fork in my hands. It was daybreak when I woke up. I could hear a terrible commotion nearby. When I looked down I saw wild boars chasing a bear. The bear was running towards the stack. Soon he was right by the stack, near me. Then he began to hurl sheaves at the boars. He was looking down at them as they were tearing the sheaves to shreds. I was afraid that the bear might throw me down too, if he saw me. So when he was just about to throw down another sheaf I ran the pitch-fork into his body. The bear fell down among the boars. It was a feast for them.

I sat there quietly for a long time, being afraid that the boars might take me for another bear, sitting in hiding.

(Told by *Wasył Golayewich* of Bankend, Sask., Nov. 30, 1954)

NOTE: Evidently the narrator could not clearly see the scene below, as there are no wild boars in Canada or anywhere else in North America.

NO DEATH FROM POPPIES

This was fifty-three years ago. I had some poppies with very large heads. I was pulling up the poppy plants and putting them in little heaps for drying. My step-son, Mike, a grown-up youth, was tying them up in sheaves. Then there came to our place a man from the crew that was making trail roads nearby, to offer a job to my step-son. He told him:

"Whenever we approach any house the women-folk hide, so we can buy no provisions. You will work with us, and, since you speak their language, you will buy the food for us."

"Mother," said Mike, "I am going to have a job at seventy-five dollars a month. I am going to work with the surveyors, making trails between the farms." As he was saying this, he was throwing handfuls of poppy seeds into his mouth. When the surveyor realized what he was doing he said:

"For Jesus' sake! you are going to die. Then you wouldn't be able to come along with me to your job."

"No," said Mike, handing some poppy seeds to the man. But the man refused to take the seeds. Then Mike said: "No, it will not make you die. Eat it. If you die, I'll take your place at work." Saying this, Mike gave the man a handful of poppy seeds. The man put some of it in his mouth, and said: "Good".

Later on both of them came to my place for Sunday dinner. I filled up a bowl with poppy seeds for the man and asked him: "Are you still alive?"

He asked: "What?" Then Mike explained to him that I was asking if he were still alive. And he answered: "No, I am not dead yet."

(Told by *Mrs. Paraska Danyliuk* of Regina, Sask., May 28, 1953)

THE HONOURED GRAIN

I remember that once, when I came into this district, a man was transporting some wheat in his wagon and one of the bags of grain slipped down and fell in the middle of the road.

The other farmers drove their wagons either a little to one side of the bag of grain, or to the other. But no wagon went straight over the bag with the grain. But now . . .

(Told by *Mr. F. Zabolotny* of McGregor, Man., September 12, 1954)

DUCK-HUNTING

Once, when my husband was still young, he went duck-hunting. When he fired his shotgun, the recoil was so strong that the gun hammer squashed his nose. I saw him coming back home, carrying a bag half-filled with duck or something. His nose was bleeding, his shirt bespattered with blood, and he was all soaked up to his waist. When he came near I said:

"Oh, my gosh, what hit you? Why are you so wet?"

"Well, get a knife and come along," he said.

When we came to the place where we cut our fuel wood, my husband cut open the bag and shook the ducks out of it. The ducks all flew up, as they had been just in a swoon, or "gun-deafened".

But I still had my husband, though with a squashed nose.

(Told by *Mrs. W. Yurchak* of Roblin, Man., May 18, 1953)

A WOMAN INSTEAD OF A BEAR

A long time ago we used to dig plant roots which are called in English sumac roots. We made our living by picking and selling them at twenty-five cents a pound. Once our neighbour's wife, an elderly woman, went out to pick sumac roots. It was drizzling. I was out, too, with a shotgun. The woman was at quite a distance from me. She had on her Old Country sheep-skin coat, with fur on the outside — a precaution taken to prolong the life of the other side of the coat. She bent down, digging the sumac roots.

As I was emerging from the woods into an open space, I took a look around and caught a glimpse of a bear. I stood there for a while, wondering what I should do. But, as I had a shotgun, I decided to shoot, no matter what happened. I took aim, but still stood there waiting for the bear to turn his head my way. I was afraid that if I failed to kill the bear with the first shot, it would be my end. The bear would kill me. Well, when the bear turned his head in my direction, I realized that it was really our neighbour's wife, picking sumac roots. O good Lord! I made the sign of the cross with my right hand, saying: "In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost! Amen." I was glad that I just failed to be a murderer.

(Told by *Mr. P. Ryliak* of Yorkton, Sask., August 23, 1953)

HOME-BREW

(A tall tale)

My daughter was living on the other side of the river. She was making home-brew at a time when four policemen were approaching her house... I wish I could have been at her place in time. I was late on account of the flooded condition of the river, which was swollen by rain. Before I came to her place, the policemen were already there. They were waiting for me while I was wading the river, with my skirts up. And she was still brewing it...

Well, they found the whiskey. Whom were they going to arrest? They were going to take her husband. So she said to her husband:

"You stay home. The boys will help you to milk the cows and do other chores, and I will be doing nothing while staying in the jail."

She stayed there three months. She said:

"While staying there I didn't have to milk the cows... There were seven of us women there, serving our terms for making home-brew. We used to be up and ready at five in the morning. After having our breakfast we hoed the potatoes. Our guard would be all smiles, joking and telling us stories in our language. I liked staying there so much that I wouldn't mind staying there every day... So I'll make some more home-brew so that I can stay there again..."

(This tall tale was told to P. Danyliuk of Regina, Sask., May 28, 1953)

A WEDDING WITHOUT A BRIDE AND GROOM

I am going to tell you now about my wedding with the bride and groom away.

We set out from home for the church ceremony to a place some thirty miles away where there was a

priest. So we came there. But I should have told you before that we asked them before we went away to invite some wedding guests and to hire some musicians and to have eats and something to keep the people's throats moist... We promised to be back on Thursday.

It was Sunday when we set out. On Monday and Tuesday there still was no priest. In fact, we waited there for the priest over a week. We were wedded at the beginning of the next week. Then we set out back for home. From Kamsack we travelled by train to Togo, where we passed the night. Next day we had no choice but to walk back home on foot on account of the deep snow.

When I came back home mother raised quite a fuss. She said:

"We had a wedding party here, without you newly-weds. The guests had a good time, singing and dancing. Well, they are already gone."

There were no wedding guests when we came back home. Such was our wedding party, with the bride and groom away.

(Told by *W. Yurchak* of Roblin, Man., May 20, 1953)

MAY GOD PROTECT US FROM AN UPSTART!

Now I am going to tell you about those of our people who came here before us. Our proverb which says: "May God protect us from an upstart!" fits some of them so well.

When we came to Canada in the twenties some of those who had come here ten or more years before were already made railway section foremen. Some of them were very hard on us.

"Look at me!" such an upstart would say. "Look! Even your ears blush in shame at the sight of work.

What a man — you can't even say 'bread' in English... Shake a leg! Shake a leg!"

Some of such men were regular slave-drivers. There was no choice. One had to do what they said.

Sometimes it was even necessary to quit working for such slave-drivers.

(Told by *I. Roshko* of Calgary, Alta., June 2, 1953)

MY FIRST "REGISTRATION" ON ARRIVAL

When I came to Winnipeg and went out for the first time for a walk down the street, with a friend, we saw a huge policeman. (That policeman is gone by now, as this happened forty-three years ago, in the spring.) He was continually swinging back and forth a stick, with a string attached to it. We stopped and kept on looking at him, holding our Old Country passports in our hands. But the policeman passed by without even taking a look at us. An idea came to me: "Well, since the policeman has passed us by, I'll catch up with him and tell him to report me, or rather to have my arrival registered."

So I kept on running after him. When he stopped on Henry Street I caught up with him and held out my passport. He took a look at me and said something. But I didn't understand him, nor did he understand me. So I made a sign with my hands, asking him to sign my paper, thus taking notice of my arrival. He kept looking at me, imagining that I was in some trouble and not knowing what to do. He took another look at me and made me walk with him to a man (my countryman) who had an employment office.

"Now you are in the free country of Canada. You don't need to have your arrival registered," said the man to me.

I could hardly believe him. So I again approached

the policeman. He burst out laughing and said to me:

"You may go now. You are a free man. You don't need to have yourself registered at all."

(Told by *Mike Hrushka-Harris* of Winnipeg, Man., March 6, 1954)

"I LIKE GALICIAN"

(A 1912 *adventure*)

This took place in 1912. I was just eighteen then. I set out (by train) for a far-off place in search of a job. I was tired and hungry when I came to the little town. I wanted to buy myself some food, but it was late in the afternoon and all the stores were closed. While I was walking down a street I met a troublesome fellow, standing by a burnt-down building. It seems the burnt-down building was a store, as I could see many pails and pots down in the cellar. The fellow stopped me and asked me where I was going. I told him that I was going to buy myself some food. Then he grasped me so firmly that I couldn't free myself. There was nobody in sight and I didn't know who the fellow was. He asked me:

"Are you Galician? I like Galician . . ."

As I was afraid of him, I told him that I was a Galician.

I expected that he would let me go, but he had no such notion. I could see that he was drunk, as there was a strong smell of whiskey. I was afraid, so I cried out, and I struck the fellow's arms down. I freed myself of the man's hold and pushed him away from me. He fell down into the cellar, on top of the tinware. He made quite a clatter, beating his feet against the pots, and cried out: "Help! help!"

I told him that I was not going to help him, as I was hungry and sleepy.

I ran away from there, as I was afraid that the fellow might pick a fight with me.

I ran away from the town and came to a stop in a farmer's field. I brought together some sheaves and made myself a lair and I lodged there for the night. Next day, when I came back to the town I did not see the troublesome fellow again.

(Told by *P. Todorchuk* of Ashville, Man., October 2, 1954)

ABOUT THE MENNONITES

The Germans (Mennonites) had no need to buy any pigs. They raised their own pigs, three or four, and killed them for meat in the autumn. Later on, before Lent, they used to kill a two-year-old heifer or a steer.

The first time that I worked for a German his wife kept telling me:

"Your people eat no meat during Lent."

So next Friday she baked some potatoes for me. But they kept on eating a lot of meat and very little potatoes. They used to say jestingly to me:

"Your people do not know yet some of the things. That's why they still keep fast-days. There is no sin in what one eats, but in some of the words that come out from the mouth."

Such was their advice for me.

(Told by *W. Ilyniak* of Chipman, Alta., June 28)

JOB-HUNTING

As there was no more work in Alberta in 1914, four of us set out in search of work in more distant places. While on our way we got lost and for three days we had nothing to eat, not even a slice of bread. There was no bread at the farm-house where we came to, nor could we buy bread at any other place. We

walked on to Swift Current. There we bought tickets and came by train to Moose Jaw.

At the time they were building up a big flour-mill at Moose Jaw. Thousands of the unemployed men were waiting there, lodging on the surrounding prairie land, hoping to get a job in case somebody were fatally injured on the job . . . In case of an accident at work, one of us would get a job. It was such a rush-job. The foreman kept on rushing their men. If a fellow with a wheelbarrow made a false step on a high-up plank, some parts of his wheelbarrow would be left clinging to the scaffolding below, but very little of the poor fellow's body. But there would be a new job opening. By and by another accident would occur.

I didn't like what I saw there, so I went on to Regina, and from there I went to settle down on a farm. It was the fear of what I had seen that made me settle on a farm.

(Told by *M. Pywarchuk* of Regina, Sask., May 29, 1953)

FIRST UKRAINIAN RELIEF IN CANADA.

Many unemployed men then came to Edmonton from Medicine Hat, Lethbridge, and Swift Current, as there was no work for them on the railway. It was a pity to look at them, they were so exhausted and neglected, looking like so many cadavers. There were about fifty of them walking aimlessly in the town. Then I had a talk with them and found out about their pitiful plight. I went with them to the police station. The police had no way of helping the unemployed, but they told me to go with the unemployed to the land office. There the unemployed received about ten dollars each for flour.

Then I went to the editor's office of our "Bulletin". I put an advertisement in the newspaper, saying that

there were many unemployed men in our town who would be glad to do any kind of work, even at twenty-five cents a day, to earn at least enough for food. In answer to our advertisement, the unemployed were invited to split fuel wood in three places. Soon I had them organized into detachments, and these detachments went from place to place doing some kind of work, clearing bushes from the lots, digging garden plots, digging cellars, filling up abandoned cellars, and such work.

During the two months of the railroad workers' strike the detachments of the unemployed earned together in our town about \$800, though previously, before the unemployed got organized, it would not have been possible to earn even fifty dollars. We built up several wooden cabins and plastered up their walls nicely with clay, dug a few wells, made smooth, even paths joining the town, and cleared off bushes from a large tract of land by the bridge to be used as exhibition grounds, which is still being used.

For all the jobs that we did we were not paid individually but we deposited the earned money at the Johnson Workers' Store which employed a Ukrainian man, Ivan Metelsky, as a clerk. There each man could buy as much food as he needed, his bill being charged against the deposited fund. Each of our unemployed men could thus buy food for himself, whether we used him for our jobs or not. The men worked at our small jobs by turns, so that all of them performed a certain amount of work, and therefore had equal rights to benefit from our earnings. If any man left a family out on a farm we shared our earnings also with those families. From time to time we sent food parcels to them.

Thus, in 1901 we had our first Ukrainian relief organization in Canada.

(Told by *P. Svarych* of Vegreville, Alta., August 25, 1953)

WHAT HAPPENED ABOUT A BELL AT LEDWYN, MAN.

On my arrival in 1927 the old church building was still standing. Later on the people decided to buy a bell for the church belfry. They collected donations for the purpose and augmented the fund by having all kinds of parties. But it was decided that if any individual donor donated more money than was collected from all the small donations together, his name would be engraved on the bell. Well, there was such a donor who supplied more money for the bell than the rest together. The consecration ceremony took place, with the newly-acquired bell resting on a few stools for the consecration.

Next day the church building, with the bell still inside, burnt down altogether — just because somebody did not like seeing someone else's name engraved on the bell. Later on a new church building was built — the one that still stands.

(Told by *M. Hawrysh* of Ledwyn, Man., September 2, 1954)

ECONOMIC DEPRESSION IN 1929

I came to Moose Jaw and there I was given a job in a restaurant by my army friend. After working there for two weeks I was laid off.

Then I went again in search of work. I went outside of the city, to a park, and I found there a lot of hoboos with an inscription on the soles on their shoes: "\$8.00 or Quit".

I was wondering what it meant. Just then there came in some farmers who woke up some of the hoboos. But the hoboos didn't get up. Each of them said:

"I'll work on your farm, if you pay me eight dollars a day."

Soon the farmers realized that the hoboes were not just jesting, so they left them alone and went away.

Then came the economic crash in the autumn of 1929.

Even the hoboes began to move around then, with no more inscriptions on the soles of their shoes. We were moving then in search of work from sea to sea, with no one halting us, no one stopping us, or forbidding us to move. We went around in search of work, but even then our government (Mackenzie King's at the time) helped us to make a living. We were provided with some kind of work, so that no one died of starvation then in Canada.

(Told by *I. Roshko* of Calgary, Alta., June 2, 1953)

AID FOR CARPATHO-UKRAINE

The Carpatho-Ukraine was getting its freedom then. We were thrilled with the news. We were moved deeply by the news, telling us that far away, in the Old Country, in the western part of the Ukrainian territories, the sun of freedom was finally rising for the Ukrainian people. So we started to organize committees among ourselves for collecting donations for the Liberation Fund of the Carpatho-Ukraine. Our action brought in about two thousand dollars to aid those who were fighting for their freedom and for their very life, things that rightfully we all should possess. But when we sent our collected donations to aid the Carpatho-Ukraine it was soon occupied by Hungary. In answer to our enquiry, the money was returned to our district. So we decided to keep the collected money until another similar need should arise.

(Told by *H. Boychuk* of Rosburn, Man., May 18, 1953)

A CHRISTMAS CAROL SUNG IN CANADA IN 1938-1939

There was never so much rejoicing as now,
Since a bright star has begun to shine above the
Carpathians.

Brightly shines the new star in the far-off country,
And all the Ukrainians are sending glad greetings
to it.

Let us all rejoice, greeting newly-won liberty,
And let us donate generously for the aid of the
Carpatho-Ukraine.

Let us be generous now toward our cousins far away:
Let us make the new star shine for all the Ukraine.

(Supplied by *Capt. B. Panchuk* of Montreal, Que., February 24, 1954)

ABOUT THE UKRAINIAN CANADIAN COMMITTEE

At the same time, the Ukrainian Canadian Committee was formed, widening the activities of the Ukrainian people. Our district responded favorably to the great slogans about the unity of the Ukrainians and to the call to form Committee branches. Soon, new branches appeared all over Canada with the rapidity of growth of a mushroom. Our district also formed a branch of the Committee. Even in places where there was lack of co-operation between the various groups and organizations we succeeded in forming branches of the Committee. And all the time we were proud that finally the kind of organization was formed which unites us all into one people.

(Told by *H. Boychuk* of Rosssburn, Man., May 18, 1953)

75-th ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

This was in 1952. The University of Manitoba was celebrating its 75th anniversary. That anniversary was also celebrated at Rossgburn, Man.

We had many guests from Winnipeg, among them Dr. Gillson with his wife. We treated them to a banquet dinner. We had such dishes as borshch (beet-soup), holubtsi (cabbage rolls), all kinds of meat, and so forth. Dr. Gillson liked our dinner. We were glad that the guests were delighted with our hospitality.

In the afternoon we had our concert. Many speakers spoke at the concert. Dr. Gillson also delivered a speech. We were delighted to hear such a fine speech. On that occasion at Rossgburn we had some guests who were from even more distant points than Winnipeg, such as Dr. Kysilevsky from Ottawa. We were very glad to be told that Ukrainian language and literature were taught at the university. We were glad that our children could learn Ukrainian there.

(Told by *Mrs. M. Smytsniuk* of Rossgburn, Man., May 20, 1953)

THE CATERPILLARS IN 1954

This year has been the worst in this respect. Here, near my place, there were not many caterpillars, but further off to the north from here (in Manitoba) there were myriads of them, on the moss-covered lands (turf-lands). There they moved in mass formations. When they moved through a field, they first of all ate up the leaves, and later on attacked the wheat ears. They cut down the stalks, making the wheat ears fall down. It was said on the radio that they would last about ten days, but they lasted much longer.

I tried to stop them with oil. I sprinkled some oil but it was useless. For a brief while they would curl up, and then keep on crawling. Then I sprinkled on

them some gasoline, but it didn't do them much harm. Then I ignited the oil on the ground. Well, the fire made them run away. They kept crawling away from the fire.

They destroyed my crop to the extent of twenty-five per cent.

(Told by *M. Hawrysh* of Ledwyn, Man., September 2, 1954)

DMYTRO ZINKOVSKY*)

Now I am going to tell you briefly about Mr. D. Zinkovsky. Mr. Zinkovsky was an old Ledwyn pioneer. I don't know when he came to Canada. But I do know that he came from the district of Sniatyn. He was sixty-nine years old. His funeral will take place on Saturday, August 6.

Mr. Zinkovsky was a great help in the activities of the local Ukrainian community centre. He helped us in all our undertakings, to get speakers and lecturers for the community centre meetings, and so forth. We are deeply thankful to him for such activities. We shall remember him long. We don't find such active and community-conscious men among the young generation.

He had a large family: two sons (one of them got lost somewhere for good, and one of them has a general store out in the country), and nine daughters, some of them living in Winnipeg and others in other parts of Canada.

(Narrated by *Mr. P. Sidliar* of Ukrainian Park, Man., Aug. 4, 1955)

*) On July 29, 1955, there died at Ledwyn, Man., at the age of 69, Dmytro Zinkovsky, a well-known and highly-respected pioneer of the Ledwyn district, leaving his wife Sophia, nine daughters and one son. I became acquainted with Mr. Zinkovsky last year, while collecting folklore material at Ledwyn. He was an exemplary man and citizen, always ready to help others with counsel and deed.

CANADIAN ANECDOTES

LANGUAGE MISUNDERSTANDING

In the past the people of Ladywood, Man., were so painfully pestered by the mosquitoes that it was necessary towards nightfall to set up smudges for self-protection. My mother, living each summer alone with us children (father being away from home earning some money), used to set up a smoking smudge each day after sunset. One day an English-speaking neighbour came over to our place to buy a pig. He tried to convey to us what he wanted by saying several times the word "pig". But my mother couldn't grasp what he meant. She heard him say "pig" which sounded to her very much like "peek", which means in Ukrainian "burn". So she brought out a pail of water and poured it on the smudge, being under the impression that the man got scorched . . .

(Told by *T. Kozyra* of Ladywood, Man., August 8, 1954)

"DRUSHLAK" (COLANDER) IN ENGLISH

At the time when our first pioneer settlers came here from the Old Country they naturally needed to buy some utensils for the house. Once a pioneer housewife went to a store to buy herself a colander. She looked all over the store but she couldn't see any colanders, and she couldn't tell the store-keeper in English what she needed.

The next day she sent her husband to the store.

When he came in the store-keeper asked him:

"Can I help you?"

In answer, her husband said:

"I like to buy a pot where the water she go, and macaroni she stop."

That's how he said "a colander" in English.

(Told by *Mrs. I. Shchepanska* of Fort William, Ont., Aug. 8, 1953)

A MARE IN PLACE OF NAILS

As we knew no English, some of our first experiences here were very painful. One autumn, after we were through with the harvest work, I was employed at the same time by two brothers, one by the name of Jack Angus and the other Adam. It was very hard on me to work at the same time for two farmers. Once, when it was raining and we couldn't do any threshing, the two farmers started to build a granary. I assisted them in the work as much as I could. The day before, my boss, Jack Angus, bought some nails for the purpose when he paid a visit to the town of Russell. But, as ill-luck would have it, Jack forgot about the nails when we left in his buggy next day for Adam's place to build a granary there.

When we arrived at the place Jack noticed that he had forgotten to bring the nails along. So he went back to get the nails, as his place was just a little over a half-mile off. I heard only two words in what he said to me that were familiar to me — the buggy, and something like "Nellie". Well, he had a horse by the name of "Nellie". So when I came home I went to the stable and found out that Nellie was let out to graze on the farm. So I went out, had been hold of Nellie, brought her home, harnessed her, hitched her to the buggy, got up on the buggy, and set out. When the brothers saw me coming back in a buggy they were surprised. They burst out laughing. Then I realized that I made some mistake. They asked me where I was going in a buggy. I didn't know what to say. Then my boss, Jack Angus,

came over and, pointing at the package of nails, said: "nails". It was only then that I realized my mistake in fetching the horse by the name of Nellie in place of nails. . .

(Told by *D. Yaremiy* of Rosssburn, Man., May 18, 1954)

BLUFFED THEM

"Well, wifie, have you a toothache? Perhaps I should knock it out?" he said jestingly. "You know, once a man had some of his teeth knocked out. So he said:

"How I have fooled them! Those were not my own teeth. . ."

(Told by *B. M.* of Ledwyn, Man., September 2, 1954)

THE "BOMBOSA" SHOES

As her husband was getting ready to go downtown, the wife said: "My good man, get me a pair of shoes, *bom bosa*."

When the man came back home he said to his wife:

"I went from place to place throughout the day and saw all kinds of shoes, but I couldn't find any "Bombosa" shoes. May be they sell such shoes only in the States."

("Bom bosa" means in slang Ukrainian "because I have no shoes.")

(Told by *T. Yuzwysbyn*, Winnipeg, Man., November 26, 1954)

OF SHEVCHENKO

I came then, at harvest time, to Saskatoon, and I met a friend of mine who had been living there for quite a long time. Well, he invited me in as his guest. As at that time (in 1928 or 1929) life was still very simple, it was quite natural for my friend to bring out a bottle of whiskey for a treat. So we started to drink. After the glass made its first round among us, we just smacked our lips. Then we appealed to our friend, saying: "Our friend, let's have another one, for, as you know, even Taras Shevchenko used to drink at least two at a time." So he sent his glass to make another round trip among us. After our second drink we made another appeal: "They say that Taras Shevchenko really used to have three drinks at a time." So our friend sent the glass to make a third trip among us, smiled and said: "Well, maybe he did drink as much, but not as one of such free-booters as you!"

NOTE: Yes, quite often even a great name is thus abused in order to get some more drinks...

(Told by *I. Roshko* of Calgary, Alta., June 2, 1953)



HIS PAYMENT FOR THE WORK

Through the whole winter I was employed by a saw-mill at Roblin. At the end of the season I asked my boss for my pay. He said: "I have no money on me now. I'll pay you later on." But he did give me at the time a chunk of moose meat; I brought the meat home. My wife took one look at the meat and said: "It stinks," so we threw it out.

By and by I came again to claim my wages, the money that I have earned. But my boss said: "I gave you a chunk of meat. So now we are quits..."

(Told by *W. Yurchak* of Roblin, Man., May 18, 1954)

HE FAILED TO HIDE HIS MONEY WELL

Once there was a rich man, who sold his oxen for a good price. A thief, who had noticed where the man hid his money, stole it. The thief ran away and after a while came back, bewailing his ill-luck, just to mock the rich man whom he had robbed. So the rich man asked him:

"Why are you crying?"

"Well," said the thief, "a while ago I sold my oxen but the thieves have robbed me of my money."

"Why didn't you hide away your money, just as I did?" asked the rich man.

(Told by *Ilya Kuriak*, Winnipeg, Man., December 21, 1953)



PANICKY IVAN

Long ago, while we still lived at Grafton, we had a very panicky man for our neighbour. The man was especially scared of the darkness. On the nights when the wolves were yelping and howling his wife could hardly quiet him down.

One night his wife woke up and looked out a window. It seemed that it would soon rain. She remembered then that she had left some little chickens outside, behind a pile of wood. So she tried to wake up her husband.

"Wake up, Ivan, go out and put the little chicks in the hen-house, as it is going to rain."

Ivan got up, stepped outside, but remained standing by the threshold, being afraid to go any further.

"It's not going to rain, Annie," said he.

"A likely story," said his wife. "Go ahead!"

"But I am afraid, Annie."

"Go ahead, Ivan! The little chicks might perish.

Oh, Ivan, go ahead! I'll be waiting here, by the door, for you."

"Well, what am I to do, if the wolves attack me?"

"I'll be watching you from here and save you in case of need."

So Ivan started to move on slowly, but he was so afraid that he couldn't see where he was going. His Annie was watching him. Suddenly she cried out:

"Ivan, you are heading for the pile of wood!"

"Oh, my God!" cried out Ivan, "where is that wolfish brood?"

(Told by *Miss M. Luki* of Grandview, Man., August 4, 1954)

TIT FOR TAT

This took place at the time when one of the trans-continental railways was under construction in Canada. An Englishman and a Ukrainian were lodging for the night in one of the tents. Once the Ukrainian asked his English companion:

"What's your name?"

The Englishman answered:

"Bob English. And what is your name?"

The Ukrainian thought that the Englishman was just making fun of him, so he answered:

"John Ukrainian is my name."

(Told by *Ivan Boychuk* of Sandy Lake, Man., August 4, 1954)

LONG OVERTIME WORK

Once there was an elderly man working in a factory. One day the manager asked him:

"How long have you been working here?"

"Oh, nearly sixty-five years," answered the man.

"And how old are you?"

"A little past forty."

"How is this possible?" Asked the manager. "You say you have been working here sixty-five years, but you are just forty. How's that?"

"Well, I have taken into account all my overtime work."

(Told by *Miss M. Bednarska*, Winnipeg, Man., August 8, 1953)



A "GARA" IS A "KARA"

In time I got married. Then we settled on a farm. Years went by, and we managed to pay off what was due on the land, and got ourselves even a "gara" (car). So I wrote my father a letter, saying that I was married, was well off, and had a "gara".

In time I got an answer to my letter. My father (living in the Old Country) was asking me some questions.

"Dear Son," he wrote, "we do not understand all that you told us in your letter. Tell us plainly what you mean by 'kara'. It is God's 'kara' (punishment), a 'kara' (brown) mare, or something else?"

I wrote back that an auto is called here "a car", or "kara" and "gara", as some Canadian Ukrainians say it.

(Told by *W. Sawchuk of Kuroki*, Sask., August 12, 1954)



THE EMPEROR STILL REMEMBERED

I came to Canada in 1949. The first place that I got off the train was Winnipeg. Here I met some of the first Ukrainian pioneers of Canada. I made some very interesting contacts. Some of these people

are very kind and pleasant, though some of them still think of the Old Country in terms of the old times when they came here, some time before the First World War. For instance, one of these women of pioneering days asked me:

“How’s now our Emperor Francis Joseph?”

I tried my best to explain to the old lady that Emperor Francis Joseph died a long time ago (in 1917), but I could see that she did not quite believe my story.

(Told by *Mrs. L. Sh.*, Winnipeg, Man., January 8, 1954)



TELEVISION

When word came that a television broadcasting station was going to be built in our city I heard on one occasion a family discussion on the subject. The question was: “Should the family buy a television set?” All the members of the family expressed their opinion on the subject, with the exception of the old grandfather, who sat quietly, nodding his head from time to time. But when all the rest of the family gave their approval to the idea of buying the TV set the old man protested loudly against the idea, saying:

“I simply do not understand why you want to buy such an expensive machine. Just imagine! You will have continually to buy new film reels for it!”

(Told by *Miss M. Bodnarchuk*, Winnipeg, Man., August 3, 1953)

SONGS ABOUT CANADA

AFTER COMING TO CANADA

I found here not a path, not a trail,
But just woods and water.
Whichever way I looked
I saw a strange land.

There was not a path nor a trail,
But a large tract of woods.
As far as I could see
I saw a new land.

(Recorded from *Mrs. W. Yurchak* of Roblin, Man., May 18, 1953)



MY HUSBAND IS SOMEWHERE IN CANADA

Since my husband went to Canada
It's already twenty years.
Now he does not write
To me and our children.

For God's sake, my man,
What happened to you?
Can't you get some paper in Canada
And write me a letter?

The dollars that you have sent me
I have not wasted.
I bought with them food for the children
And I bought a piece of land.

Yes, mother has bought a lot of land
And built us a new house.
So do come home, father,
Come home, father dear.

(Recorded from *Yaroslava Lewko* of Kirkland Lake, Ont.,
by Mrs. T. Koshetz, 1951)

IN A STRANGE LAND

Do not murmur so sadly,
Oh you green woods:
Do not sadden me more
In this strange land.

I am pining away in this land:
Like a plant I wither.
There is no one here
Who would cheer me up.

(Recorded from *A. Mandziy* of Vancouver, B.C., 1954)

●

I WAS BORN IN MANITOBA

I was born in Manitoba, in Alberta I grew up:
How happy I was in this world before I fell in love!
Why don't you visit me, my darling, as in the past?
Why don't you come over again with a bouquet of
rosy flowers?
I have picked these flowers myself, with this one leaf.
I got some lilies from the hill and some blossoms
from an orchard.
I was sitting in the shade of a tree, embroidering
his name.
I gave him the handkerchief with his name when he
was going to war.
"The handkerchief that you gave me, sweet girl I
applied to my wound,
It saved me and reminded me of my true love for you."
That's how it was: I was sitting in a shade,
embroidering his name.
I gave him the handkerchief when to the war he went.

(Recorded from *Mary Yurkiv*, of Flatbush, Alta., February 5, 1955)

OUR BELOVED CANADA

Our beloved Canada, your touch is so sad,
You have parted many a man from his wife.

A swallow has lost a feather from her wing
And I have lost my darling man when he went
to Canada.

O swallow, return and pick your feather:
My darling, return to me and unlock my heart.

Return, O swallow, and make a nest here,
Return to me, my darling, and love me again.

Recorded from *Mrs. Ulyana Gangur* of Lethbridge, Alta.,
June 3, 1953)

CANADA IS OUR MOTHER

America is our sister, and Canada is our mother.
One can make a lot of money in Canada.

I live well and work well in Canada,
I put on my best clothes on Saturdays.

I have my tie on and a watch in my vest,
I walk, hands in my pockets, loaded with money

But of not much use is my money to me,
As my wife pleads in her letters to return.

Sometimes I sit down for an hour
And write a letter to my family,

In clear black letters on a white paper,
But my letter brings tears to their eyes.

O Canada, Canada, your hold is tight,
You keep us men here, away from our wives.

You have broken up so many families:
Who will feed the children in the Old Country?

(Recorded from *Mrs. I. Levko*, Kirkland Lake, Ont.
by *Mrs. T. Koshetz*, June 3, 1953)



LET'S SING IN CANADA

Let's sing in Canada,
Though we are not always employed.
No landlords oppress here,
So let us sing.

The wheat thrives well here,
And so do oats and barley.
We raise big potatoes,
And we have wild pears and cherries.

We have goose berries and nuts
To cheer up our children.
We have gooseberries and nuts
And a lot of mushrooms.

To be true, we should now speak
About the things that do not thrive here,
Things which do not grow,
Though you plant them.

The summer is too short here for maize,
Nor do the cuscumbers thrive well;
Pumpkins have even less chance,
As August frosts cut them down.

(Recorded from *Mrs. F. Cherewyk* of Yorkton, Sask., Aug. 23, 1953)

A Farm Life

Good friends, I am going to tell you
About our farm life:
When a farmer kills a pig
And changes it into smoked meat
It keeps him well-fed
Until the crop is in.

(Recorded at McGregor, Man., May 17, 1953)



CANADIAN KOLOMYJKAS

I tramp here, in Canada, counting mile after mile:
Whenever a night overtakes me, there I sleep.

(Recorded at Ladywood, Man.)



One lives well at Komarno,
Without any worries at all,
Eating and singing,
And counting money.

(Recorded at Komarno, Man.)



A gentle breeze blows from the woods,
Making life sweet in the children's camp.
Oy tay dunay, dunay, dunay,
Oy tay dunay, dana.

They guard, they drill, and take long walks,
The whole day long they sing from early morning.
Oy tay dunay, etc.

Our fire blazes friendly every night,
Who has not been at a camp does not know what
happiness is.

Oy tay dunay, etc.

(Recorded at Ukrainian Park, Man.)



HE SWEARS AT ME IN ENGLISH

(Canadian Ditty)

He swears at me in English, threatening like
a cockerel,
And I holler at him: "Me no like man like you!"
I never "kick back" but keep drudging on,
Sometimes talking to him in high tones,
And that makes him rush at me really mad.

Then I go over to my good neighbour Molly
And tell her all my troubles at home.
She knows so much, my neighbour Molly does,
She tells me what I should do.

"You may call in a policeman
And let him arrest your hubby.
That would teach him
That here 'no man can his missus fight,'"

(February 9, 1955, Kamsack, Sask., M. A. Bebyk)

YOU LET ME GO ACROSS THE SEA, MOTHER

You let me go across a wide sea, mother,
And now you sorrow after me.
I am in America now, mother, and all is well:
I am earning many dollars in a textile mill.

ADDENDUM

MR. KOTSUR, FIRST UKRAINIAN PIONEER SETTLER IN CANADA*)

He was so glad to see us. By that time he spoke German quite well. He told us enthusiastically of many things in Ukrainian. I remember that his surname was Kotsur, but I am not sure what his first name was.

Where did we meet him? In Saskatchewan.

He came from the Eastern part of Ukraine where he worked as a farm hand in a German settlement. He worked for the Germans (Mennonites) and he came along with them to Canada. It was already his twenty-third year in Canada then. At the time he had a few acres of tilled land.

This was somewhere near the Assiniboine...

We (Mr. Ilyniak and Mr. Pylypiw, J. B. R.) were looking over Saskatchewan at the time. Sometimes we went a little out of the way. That was how we discovered him. We saw a little cabin, went straight to it, and there we found him.

*) At the time this book was being completed, there died at Chipman, Alberta, at the age of 97, Wasyl Ilyniak (Eleniak), one of the oldest Ukrainian pioneer settlers in Canada. In 1953, the compiler of this book recorded from him some very interesting reminiscences. Here we quote one of them about Kotsur who (very likely) was the first Ukrainian pioneer in Canada and to whom Mr. Ilyniak and Pylypiw paid a visit in the nineties. Mr. Ilyniak said plainly that Kotsur settled there in the seventies of the last century. However, a thorough research should be made about this in archives and histories.

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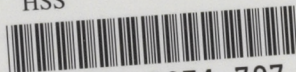


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